

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 773—VOL. XXX.]

NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1870.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.

STEAM AND LIGHTNING IN THE
LAST QUARTER-CENTURY.

The believers in a liberal, if not literal, interpretation of the Scriptures, may comfort themselves, as we know some friends do, with

the substantial fulfillment of prophecy, by the way the "ends of the earth" are now brought together through the wonder-working power of the Electric Telegraph.

It is now (June, 1870) precisely a quarter-

century since the first work was commenced by individual effort for extending the Telegraph System through the United States. Then—only twenty-five years ago—a few resolute men, of very moderate means, undertook

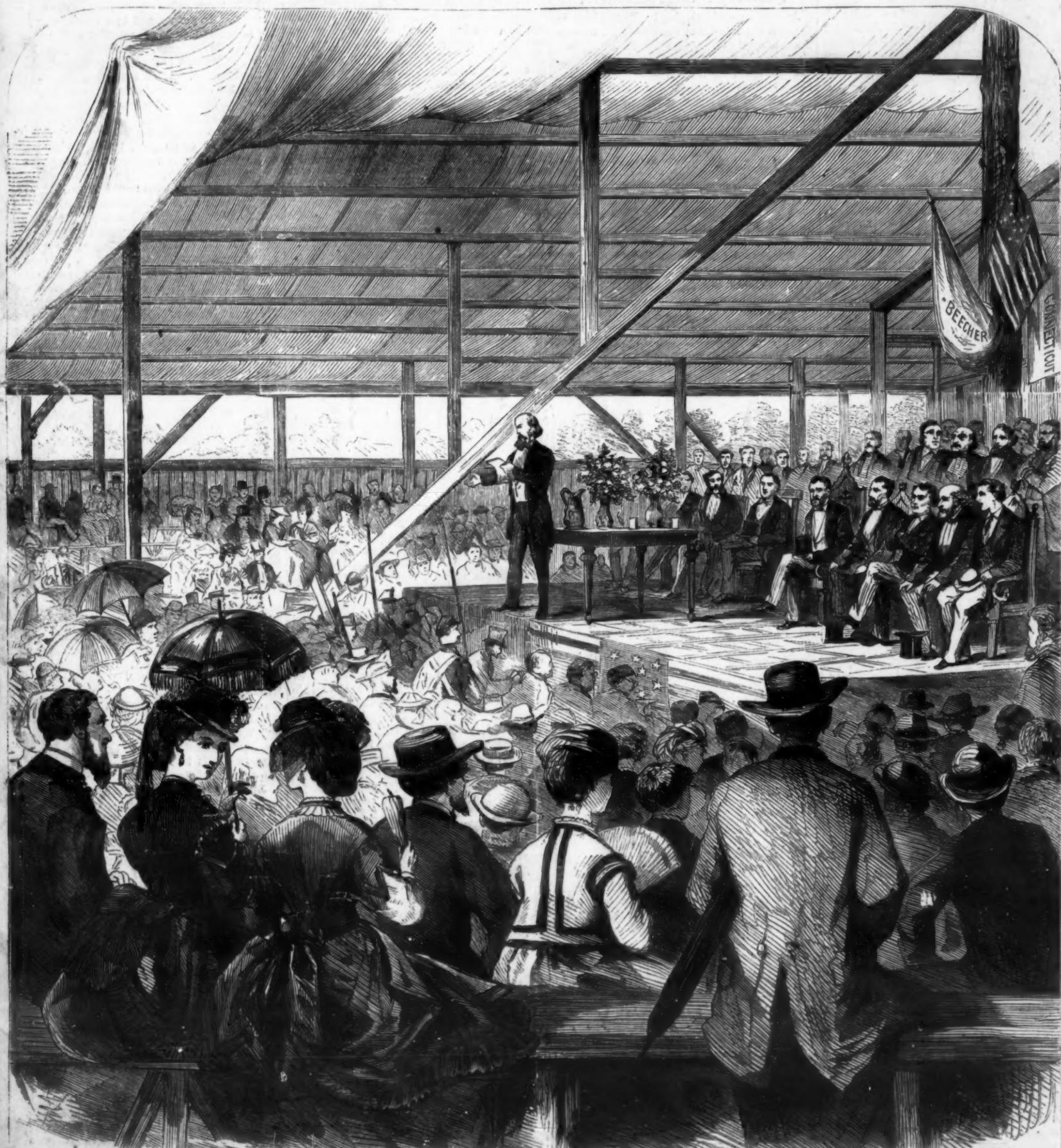
a task that was generally considered "visionary" as a business enterprise or pecuniary in- vestment. Even Jacob Little, the then money-

king in Wall street, though sagacious in most business operations, pronounced, if not de-

nounced,

the project as a bubble, if not a hum-

bug—impracticable for commercial purposes, and unworthy of serious attention from semi-



CONNECTICUT.—THE CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY AT WOODSTOCK—THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, REPRESENTATIVE BENJ. F. BUTLER, EX-GOVERNOR HAWLEY, REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, SENATOR BUCKINGHAM, AND THE RUSSIAN MINISTER, AMONG THE GUESTS AND SPEAKERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 291.

ble business men. The Messrs. Brooks, of the New York *Express*, in 1844-5, had tried earnestly to enlist capitalists here to aid in extending the line from Baltimore—to which point the National Government had constructed a little forty-mile experimental line from Washington—"to see how the thing would work."

But they found that the scheme was disfavored as a business operation—practical bankers and commercial men, who are commonly supposed to be good judges of what will or will not "pay," turning the cold shoulder whenever approached about the novel enterprise.

The few people who inclined to favor the project were disheartened by the Report of the then Postmaster-General, Mr. Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, who gravely argued, from the results of the two-penny experimental line between Washington and Baltimore, that the Telegraph "wouldn't pay."

And thus, for full eighteen months after that short line was put in operation, neither merchant, banker, nor capitalist would risk investment in the "visionary scheme" of extending it from Baltimore (where the Governmental experiment ended) to Philadelphia. "They show so little interest in the matter at New York," said the Hon. Amos Kendall, in a letter now before us, "that I wish we had other resources."

Yet, in that inauspicious state of things, a few resolute men, then resident in Rochester, fearlessly commenced the task of extending the Telegraph System over vast lines toward the Great Lakes and the Mississippi—then almost the western boundary of organized government on this continent. And within two years thereafter—on the 22d of December, 1847—the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock—telegrams began to flash from St. Louis to the seaboard, over the "Atlantic, Lake and Mississippi Lines"—then the longest range of lightning lines in the world. And all this happened before any considerable pecuniary interest was enlisted among the usually sagacious business men and capitalists of the cities on the Atlantic coast.

Now, see the amazing change! Not only is almost every town of any consequence, through the civilized world, connected with every other town by the electric chain traversing the land, but seas and oceans are spanned with cables connecting all the continents—Europe, Asia and Africa fraternizing with America in lightning correspondence. (In this latter matter—about submarine telegraphy—we may remark, in passing, that the discovery of the uses of gutta-percha happened just in time to meet the necessities of insulation, for, without it, as well as without the Great Eastern, where would submarine telegraphy be at this day?)

The success of the submarine lines between England and other European countries, and the magnificent conveniences of the Great Eastern, encouraged the efforts for an Atlantic Telegraph—the success of which, involving such a long circuit and the perils of extended insulation amid unknown depths and difficulties, seemed so doubtful, even to many who judged critically from all the experience which the mode of working land lines had till then afforded.

The cheering success of the second attempt at submerging or working an Atlantic cable, followed by the facility with which the French cable was established between Europe and America, is being wonderfully emulated by English companies, aided by their Government, in connecting the widely-scattered regions under British sway. And the gigantic schemes are rapidly resulting in connections between England and her East Indian possessions, in a way that reacts on our continent by stimulating American efforts to connect our Pacific coast with Japan and China—yea, and with Australia, the "fifth continent"—that nucleus of a mighty empire, amid the hundred insular kingdoms or republics that will figure in future chronicles of the Pacific Ocean.

Whether our National Government does or does not subsidize the proposed Pacific line, about which Mr. Cyrus Field and others are asking public assistance, the enterprise will quickly command the support of European, as well as of American capitalists—for all nations are interested in securing telegraphic intercourse by this route, as well as by the lines which the British have extended to Asia, via Egypt and the Red Sea.

Such results in Telegraphy, and those witnessed in Railroading, render the last quarter-century the most memorable in the annals of physical improvement—not to be surpassed, if equalled, by anything in the way of Human Progress through all after-time.

It is well occasionally to glance at the world's advancement, and compare the Present with the Past, that we may better estimate the convenience and comfort we enjoy; and as this month (June, 1870) completes the first quarter-century since the first serious efforts were made to establish even Land Telegraphy, as above-mentioned, it seems pecu-

liarily appropriate to devote some thought to the interesting subject. The Shakespearean reader is now finding subjects enough for "sermons" not only "in stones" but amid the lightning—topics curiously reminding us of fairy dreams that may now be exceeded by the practical fact of engirdling the earth in less than "forty minutes."

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice.

To our subscribers in Texas. Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

INDIAN WARFARE AND THE FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS.

ALARMS are again ringing loudly and broadly through the interior of our continent, over all the vast expanse between the British-American frontiers and the northern boundaries of Mexico. Subdued for a while after General Sherman's recent chastisement of the Red Men, the war-cries are now shrieked bitterly as ever before, accompanied by the horrors inseparable from savage warfare.

All readers of the daily journals are unhappily too well aware that the outrages consequent on Indian hostilities are so frequent and shocking, that expectations about that sort of "news" has become chronic—the reader almost feeling disappointed if his morning paper does not furnish some alarms or particulars concerning savage atrocities—outrages committed on or by the Sioux, the Apaches, the Arapahoes, or other of the hundred tribes (or "nations," as they have been too long ridiculously styled) roaming for precarious subsistence over regions large enough for empires with millions of civilized inhabitants.

We know well enough that the Indians are not the only parties blamable for the bloody tumult which thus affects the borders and thrills with horror the people of the whole Union. Pale-faced desperadoes find congenial field for their robberies and outrages in a state of things so unsettled as that prevalent in the vast regions where the white settlers and Indian braves come in contact. The border settlers, seeing the horrors accompanying the conflicts in which the savages are involved, soon generally come to look upon Indians as natural enemies—to be shot like wolves, whenever venturing within reach of the border rifle. And these shocking scenes are aggravated by the white-faced and black-hearted wretches who are prowling along the frontiers, exciting fury on both sides, and preying alike on both races—on the white as well as on the red.

Experience shows that Indians the most warlike may be gathered peaceably on reservations, suitably located and secluded from white intrusions, with great advantage to both races. The tranquillity and improvement shown by the Cherokee and Choctaws, on their reservations within the "Indian Territory" lying between Kansas and Texas, have, for more than thirty years, furnished convincing evidence on this point. The lesson should not long remain unheeded—its teachings are applicable everywhere, and never more so than at the present time. Experimental Quaker missions among the Indians, on reservations scattered here and there over vast regions, have doubtless done some good; but the evils are seemingly too great now to be cured by even this humane policy.

In this case, as in most others, "the greatest good to the greatest number" may be promoted by a policy that will work benefits for all and injuries to none. Let all the wandering savages be collected into an additional "Indian Territory"—in a genial climate—like that long occupied by the above-named tribes. Let the first steps in civilization be taken by furnishing them with suitable farms, including dwellings and implements requisite for cultivation; and combine with these things the supervision of some benevolent instructors in the cultivation of soil and mind. The Quakers, and all other philanthropic people, could here have better chance for success in their civilizing and religious efforts. But let all this be done within one territory, resembling the present "Indian Territory," where the newly-collected tribes may be thoroughly secluded from contact with borderers—utterly freed from the desperadoes commonly hanging on the outskirts of civilization, and proving curses alike to the white and red races. With such a simple policy, faithfully carried out by benevolent instructors—very different from the harpies

formerly known as "Indian agents"—who can doubt that it would prove a speedy and effective solution of the Indian problem, by terminating hostilities that will otherwise endure as long as there are any Indians left to be killed along the borders of our interior settlements?

No matter which of the two races is most in fault, the evils incident to our Indian relations should be promptly remedied by separating the conflicting parties, for the same reason that white people engaged in murderous broils are separated by the military or police. The progress of improvement—the absolute necessities of our political and social life—render it necessary to run railroads through the hunting-grounds of the Indians—regions thousands of times larger than necessary for their subsistence in a civilized condition. The same policy that guides Legislatures in authorizing railroad, canal, and other companies, to extend their lines wherever requisite for the general welfare, allows them to occupy the requisite lands by making fair compensation to the owners; and those owners must sell for such purposes, no matter how much averse they are to having their homesteads and farms "cut up" in this way. The State or Nation, with its right of "eminent domain," has the unquestioned right to allow all this for the general good, and to take property to itself, by reasonably paying therefor, when requisite for public improvements. Every intelligent person knows all this; and every such person can judge whether a similar policy should or should not prevail in taking the "hunting-grounds" for civilized purposes, by allowing the Indians reasonable payment, in money, to be invested for their permanent welfare, when removing them to moderate-sized reservations in another "Indian Territory," where the Government can fully protect them, and where philanthropy can better operate on the red race, by accustoming it to the comforts and instructing it in the duties of civilization. The welfare of both races now demands just such a policy as we recommend.

The Choctaws and Cherokees felt badly when being removed from their former hunting-grounds eastward of the Mississippi; but all clamor on this subject died away long ago, when it was found—as it was quickly found—that this measure was greatly for their benefit as well as for the welfare of the white race around their old locations and elsewhere throughout the land. And since then, who has ever heard of collisions between the Cherokees or Choctaws and the white people of the South and West? Even the Seminoles, sent to that "Indian Territory" at a later period, have, like those other tribes, proved to be entirely inoffensive, when freed from contact with white men—which contact, in Florida, occasioned such large waste of life and such enormous loss of money during the memorable "Florida War," as the miserable butchery was formerly styled.

The results of the experiment with the tribes in our present "Indian Territory" are sufficiently indicated by the fact that many of our worthiest white men now advocate its recognition as one of the States of the Union. And any one who doubts the propriety of such a recognition may be referred to any recent encyclopedia for evidence that the Choctaws and Cherokees have maintained social institutions and popular government for the last thirty years, with a degree of credit which contrasts strongly with the disorder and ignorance prevalent in several countries that have independent existence in the family of nations. The thousands who saw "Red Cloud" and his Indian associates on their late visits to Washington and New York, will scarcely doubt that such men, if placed in equally favorable circumstances, on a reservation in an Indian Territory, would prove as remarkable examples of Indian character as are happily furnished by Major Pitchlyn and others among the Choctaws, and by John Ross and other worthies among the Cherokees—men fit for almost any position in public life.

The pressing necessities of the case have occasioned another expedition against the Western Indians. General Sheridan is again calling around him troops to repress hostilities showing themselves all over the vast plains of the interior; and the community will doubtless soon be shocked with fresh announcements of the "horrors of Indian warfare." But let this be the last year in which the Union is to be agitated by conflicts between the red men and the whites. Humanity combines with State policy in requiring that an immediate and radical change shall be made in our Indian relations, whereby the aboriginal race shall be removed to reservations within one territory, like the Indian Territory, where the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Seminoles have long resided quietly and prosperously: And let all the energies of philanthropy and religion be turned toward promoting their comfort in the only way that seems practicable for preventing the extermination of the wandering tribes, and for ending the horrors that now afflict our frontier regions—where all the terrors of arson and murder are included in the alarm so often ringing along the borders.

THE INCOME TAX.—The Senate of the United States which, in the age of the "giants," was considered next to the Supreme Court, the most dignified of our public bodies, has, in these modern days, sadly deteriorated not only in gravity and wisdom, but in consistency. Indeed, it oftener puts on the cap and bell of the buffoon than it does the robes of the sage; and while attempting the rôle of the statesman, it suddenly leaps upon the stage with a jester's cry of "Here we are!" to the infinite disgust of the people. No better evidence of its utter want of dignity or consistency need be cited than its recent action on the Income Tax. When the law to levy taxes on incomes as a war measure was imposed, the Government pledged itself to the people, knowing how obnoxious to the nation would be the measure, that it should cease to be operative with the close of the year 1870. With this understanding the taxpayers cheerfully assented, and kept good faith with the Government. But Congress desires to extend the operations of the law on incomes two years longer. That is, a large minority of the members of the Senate and House, creatures of great railroad associations, opposed to any increase of taxation on this particular species of property, are desirous that these corporations should be saved; and, that the public revenue may not suffer diminution, are quite prepared to continue the income tax. On the 24th ult., the question of personal tax was fully debated in the Senate, and by a vote of thirty-five to twenty-four, it was resolved to discontinue it for the future. The minority, however, were not disposed to acquiesce in this decision of the chamber. At an evening session held on the 1st of the current month, with barely a quorum present, the question of continuing the tax was again brought up, and at the close of a discussion which did not extend beyond three-quarters of an hour, it was, by a bare majority, resolved to continue the tax until the close of 1872—but reducing the assessment to two and one-half per cent! The *Tribune* of this city characterizes such legislation as "fraudulent," and it does not hesitate to add, that the action of the Senate was "the result not of argument but of trickery." Senators should not rest under such an accusation. If they have arguments of sufficient weight to sustain them in their determination to continue the tax, they should present them to the country. Their vacillations in this matter place them in an undesirable light before the people. Senator Wilson's proposition to continue the law, making it less unpalatable by reducing the impost one-half, smacks more of demagogism than of statesmanship—more of chivalry than of sound common sense, which, at all times, should guide the national legislator in whatever measure it may be his duty to consider and enact for the benefit of those who are to be subjected to its action.

THE WEATHER FOR JUNE, 1870.—The month of June just passed has been sadly abused by editors and weather-prophets. Some of them have pronounced it as the hottest June for thirty years; while others, probably fearing that they might be scorched by going it so strong, have limited it to twenty years. Whether they thought to follow Baron Munchausen, or had treacherous memories, cannot be told, but it must have been one or the other, for they are both incorrect. In a standard thermometer kept in the shade and open air, the highest that the mercury has been driven up in the past June was 95°, while in 1864, only six years since, it was 97°, and in 1865, one year later, the average temperature was 77 1-8°; the past June it was 74 1-8°. The average mean temperature for sixteen previous years was 70 1-8° nearly, occasioned by three or four Junes of low temperature, as in 1868, it was 66 1-8°, which was the coolest June in the series. The mean of June for ten of those sixteen years was below 70°, and though this June was 4 1-8° warmer, it was not thirty, nor twenty, nor ten, but only five years since June was warmer than the last. The thermometer for the first seventeen days ranged from 57.4° in the morning, to 83° at 2 P. M., and rain fell more or less on each of those days, but only 2.21 inches in depth. Rain fell on six days after that, making twenty-three days, a rather unusual number for one month. The total rain-fall for the month was 2.85 inches, quite a small quantity for June. The range of temperature for the month was 44°, and from the evening of the 1st, when it was 51°, to the evening of the 30th, when at 84°, was a range of 33 1-2°. The warmest day was the 25th, and the coldest the 10th, a range of 26.8°. The greatest daily range was 16° on the 26th, and the least was 2.4° on the 10th. A thermometer with a blackened bulb, and not affected by the wind, placed in the sun, marked 129° on one day; it was above 100° for a number of days, during which many persons were overcome by the heat. South and East winds have been prevalent, but not violent, with a few exceptions. The mercury in the barometer was quite uniform during the month, ranging only about half an inch (.553) from the lowest to the highest, and the extremes were on the first and last days of the month. There were five thunder-

showers, and lightning without rain or thunder here six times, serving to purify the air, if it did not cool the atmosphere. An aurora borealis, a solar halo, a lunar corona, two rainbows, and four meteors, variegated the scene, and startled the timid, or chained the attention of the thoughtful to the wonders of the heavens, and the beneficence of the Creator.

STEAMBOAT RACING.—The revival of a practice formerly too prevalent on the Western waters requires immediate repression by public indignation and by legal penalties of the severest kind. The country has been for several weeks excited by accounts of rivalry between the steamboats Natchez and Robert E. Lee—the strife between the vessels, on the route between New Orleans and St. Louis, being looked on by some people as a test of the qualities of the boat-builders of Louisville and St. Louis. The test is, in no sense, a fair one, even were it right to try such a dangerous experiment. One of the boats (the Lee) was prepared for action like a pugilist for a fray—stripped of everything that might prevent success—supplied with coal from barges stationed at certain points in the middle of the Mississippi, ready for hitching to the steamer, and thus furnishing fuel without loss of time in "tying up" along shore for supplies—while also freed from the weight of passengers, as none were allowed on this trial trip. The other boat was destitute of such advantages—having many passengers on board, and requiring to take its coal from the shore. The extent of the passenger list showed the enormous risk of life in case of boiler explosion. Gambling, as usual, ran high on this race, over a large extent of country, and immense sums were bet on the respective boats by their backers. The spirit awakened by this revival of steamboat racing will doubtless occasion sundry repetitions of the outrage—for outrage it is, and of a very dangerous character—jeopardizing the lives of many, and demoralizing the community by encouraging blacklegging and rowdyism. The press and people everywhere should denounce the whole matter, and immediate efforts should be made to secure the passage of laws rendering it felony thus to jeopardize not merely the steamers, but the lives of passengers and crews.

PRICKLY HEAT.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

THESE are large classes of diseases of the skin called by the general title of "lichen." One of these varieties is called *lichen tropicus* (all diseases, medicines, and generally all science, have a nomenclature derived from the dead languages, for formerly all the works and treatises on these subjects were written in Latin. So that a Russian or a German could read the ideas of an Italian or Englishman by the means of this common tongue.)

Lichen tropicus is in English called "prickly heat," and is a very distressing complaint; not that it is very severe in itself, but, as it arises solely from too great heat of the skin, it comes to add a further annoyance to persons already worn and suffering from the debilitating effects of a prolonged heated term, and the feebleness consequent upon the resulting inability to eat and sleep sufficiently.

It is the result of a prolonged overheating of the skin, and accompanying sweating of those not accustomed to it. Thus, foreigners coming from a cool temperature, and suddenly exposed to the intensity of a tropical atmosphere, are speedily afflicted; more especially if covered with flannels, the skin is thereby irritated.

The sick lying on hot beds, and constantly bathed in their own perspiration, are peculiarly subject to it. This over-stimulation of the sweat-glands is sure to result in a more or less extended crop of prickly heat. Evidently the most natural relief is to reduce the temperature of the body and remove the source of irritation. Take off the flannels, move about slowly so as not to get so intensely heated, diminish the quantity of fluids drank, especially of stimulants, and thus make no unnecessary work for the emunctories to perform.

Frequent bathing in cool water is very serviceable. If convenient, add a quart of wheat bran to the ordinary bath. If bathing is not convenient, a towel and a quart or two of water will serve to cool the skin of the whole person, and, used night and morning, will do much toward curing the complaint in a few days. Children should be cooled down frequently by partial bathtubs. A tablespoonful of salsiferous in a quart of cold water will materially allay the often intolerable itching. If this is not effectual, try a teaspoonful of hydrocyanic acid in a pint of cold water. It must be remembered that this is a deadly poison, taken internally, and must not be placed where children can get at it, or it be accidentally swallowed.

There is little utility in any internal medication, other than that derived from a seidit aperient. A form of the same complaint is seen in teething children. It seems to have frequently no attendant itching, and is sympathetic with the general irritation, and passes away as the teeth appear. Don't keep such children too much heated by flannels in warm weather, and wash them frequently, as already directed, with the salsiferous-water.

HOW TO MOVE THE SICK.

We sometimes have persons, with inflammation of the bowels, that require to be moved

from one bed to another, lifted in order to have clean linen placed on the bed, to be moved into another room, etc., when their situation is so critical that they cannot bear to be lifted upright, seized around the body, suffer any pressure, or be at all shaken. Frequently two or three persons clumsy attempt to do this, with great pain and often with no little danger to the patient. By the following method the thing may be done with ease to all concerned, and more especially with perfect comfort to the sufferer.

The sheet under the patient be tolerably new, it is all that is necessary. If the weight is very great—two or three hundred pounds—get a firm new sheet and pass it carefully and smoothly under. Next have two light poles, of length sufficient to extend from the head to the feet. They need be no larger than a broom-handle. Carefully and smoothly wind the length of the sheet tightly around these poles, one on each side, and if the person is to be carried any distance, secure the sheet thus rolled on the poles by two or three tacks. By lifting upon the poles the patient may be raised with perfect ease by two or four persons, and carried any distance that may be necessary. It is, in fact, an extemporized "stretcher"—an article with which the exigencies of the late war made very many acquainted.

THE PRESIDENT'S "FOURTH" AT WOODSTOCK, CONN.

In few cities of the United States was our great natal day celebrated with more earnestness than in the beautiful town of Woodstock, Conn. Several weeks previous to the "Fourth" it was announced that President Grant would spend that day with the people of Connecticut; and as July opened, the arrangements for the occasion were rapidly completed.

The Presidential party left Hartford early in the morning, and consisted of the President; General Porter, of his staff; Governor Jewell; Ex-Lieutenant Governor Stewart L. Woodford; the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; Governor Hawley; General Pleasanton; the Hon. H. C. Cady; the Baron Catacay, Russian Minister; General Gorloff; William N. Benjamin; H. A. Bowen; E. H. Robinson; Luther Kountze; A. Clark; and half-a-dozen members of the press.

At every station along the route enthusiastic demonstrations were made by the excited populace, while flags, festoons of flowers, patriotic emblems, and complimentary mottoes, were seen on every hand. At various points the party was reinforced by men eminent in military and civil life.

Arrived at Woodstock, the scene was an exceedingly animated one. Thousands of people had assembled, and vehicles of all descriptions stood by the wayside. The grounds were beautifully decorated with banners bearing the names of the leading generals of the Union army, and of the States and Territories of the Union. The procession wound its way into the ground, and the dust-stained Presidential party had a little time for rest and refreshment. Shortly after one o'clock, the thousands around the village gathered together in a large tent erected on a common.

The President and his party took their seats upon the platform. Senator Buckingham occupied the chair. On his right sat President Grant, on whose right sat the Rev. Mr. Beech, pastor of the Congregational Church of Woodstock. To the left of the chairman sat the Baron Catacay, General Gorloff, Governor Jewell, A. H. Bowen, General Pleasanton, and Governor Hawley. Behind the Russian Minister sat Ex-Governor Woodford and General Butler.

A sense of the momentousness of the occasion was in the air. No President had been in these parts since Washington. General Grant's impassive face manifestly glowed with satisfaction at more than one incident or allusion. He fairly beamed with satisfaction at Mr. Beecher's word in reference to the reduction of the public debt.

Next, when Mr. Beecher openly avowed his Cuban sympathies, and assumed to declare

the President's views, Grant brightened and smiled with an appearance of assent, and yet suddenly assumed a grave, non-committal look, as if there were danger in the diplomatic aspect of the President. Other than this, except when he rose in compliment to the performance of the Russian hymn, as did all, he sat placidly looking out into the crowd, listening to the several speakers, and sometimes heartily laughing at some of the very good things that were said.

General Butler was looking superbly, and began his speech by an allusion to Mr. Beecher,

which set the crowd in a roar. His weighty oration was the *pièce de résistance* of the day.

In speaking, General Butler frequently turned toward the President, facing him full, in a manner at once respectful and at the same time removed from any suggestion of obsequiousness.

As soon as he had closed, Governor Hawley spoke, and when, in his ringing sentences, the sharp antithesis of his position to that of General Butler on the Chinese question was defined, the deepest interest was excited, and the conflict of opinions became the theme of comment for the rest of the day.

Count de Catacay spoke with considerable

difficulty, yet was distinctly understood and applauded to the echo. He had been honored in all ways on this excursion, and never has a public guest more winningly accepted a general hospitality. Where so many National faces were to be seen, and where the President sat, so elevated a tone was given to the proceedings, that the high-cultured De Catacay, long used to the polished phraseology of diplomatic intercourse, readily entered into the spirit of the occasion.

At five o'clock the President's party left for

Norwich, Conn., where the General was entertained by Senator Buckingham.

JOHN H. SELWYN is at present resting from his managerial labors at Boston Highlands.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Home of the Late Charles Dickens.

The London *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News* print in their pages admirable engravings of the residence of the late Charles Dickens, at Gadshill, Kent, which has now, as the *Graphic* remarks, become doubly historic—first, as the scene of one of Shakespeare's most celebrated pieces of humor; and secondly, as the abode of the greatest English humorist who has lived since Shakespeare's time. We learn, from an interesting article in the *Daily News*, that even as a child Mr. Dickens nourished an ambitious fancy for becoming the owner of the house at Gadshill. His father had told him that if he worked hard and minded his book, he might one day live in such a house, and the speech sank deep into the child's heart. Years after, when Mr. Dickens was contemplating a removal from Tavistock House to the country, his intimate friend, Mr. W. H. Wills, chanced to meet a lady at dinner who had recently inherited a house and grounds of which she was anxious to dispose. The house was in Kent; it had various features resembling Gadshill, which made Mr. Wills listen with increasing interest, till presently he found that it was the very place of Mr. Dickens's boyish dreams. So Mr. Dickens became the possessor of Gadshill. It will now be sold, together with the interesting collection of pictures which its illustrious owner had gathered together. The engraving in our pages is taken from the *Illustrated London News*.

The British Cabinet in Council.

In this issue more space is given than is customarily accorded to engravings illustrative of passing events in Europe, to a picture of the London *Graphic*, in which is presented the ruling notabilities of the British empire. Among the faces will be noticed that of the late Lord Clarendon, who was not among the least distinguished of the Ministry as a statesman of the more progressive school of English politicians. Of the members of the Cabinet the *Graphic* cynically remarks: "We look upon the figures and faces of these distinguished individuals, and reflect that, after all, 'there is a great deal of human nature' in them. Gladstone may be stern, enthusiastic, and much given to words; Lowe may be acute and critical; Granville may be kind-hearted and gentlemanlike. Hetherley may carry the dignity of the wool-sack into the Cabinet; Bright may be sensitive, fiery, and genial; Argyll may be professional and Scotch; but if their proceedings generally do not at times recall the famous sayings of the Chancellor Oxenstern, we should be marvelously astonished. 'My son,' said that experienced statesman, 'you have no idea with what little wisdom the world is governed.' The ways of Cabinet Councils must be, in truth, like all other people's ways. Sometimes, doubtless, these meetings must be eminently business-like and orderly; but sometimes extremely muddled and unpleasant. Sometimes the members must separate with the soothing consciousness of having worked well together, of having settled judiciously some awkward difficulty, of having elaborated some measure which Parliament will welcome with acclamation. But sometimes the meeting may serve only to bring home to the Minister their own incapacity. Sometimes one Minister must be very obstinate, or another very tiresome, or another very stupid, or another the reverse of straightforward, or another very much behindhand in getting through the work he had undertaken at some previous meeting, or another dreadfully long-winded, or another decidedly rude, or the whole meeting may end in confused, purposeless talk."

The Albert Bridge, Glasgow.

The foundation-stone of this magnificent structure—which, however, was commenced nearly three years ago, and is now all but completed—was laid on the 3d ult., in the presence of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of Scotland, the members of the municipality, distinguished strangers and citizens, by the Earl of Dalhousie, Grand Master, assisted by his Deputy Grand Master, the Grand Wardens, Grand Chaplain, and Grand Treasurer, with the forms prescribed in the Masonic ritual. At the close of the prayer, the Grand Master, his Deputy and Wardens, bearing the square, the level, and the plumb, approached the stone, and having emptied and spread out upon it the corn and oil of the cornucopia and other vessels contained, squared, leveled, and plumbed it, declaring it to be well and truly laid. The ceremonies closed with the presentation of the silver trowel used in laying the stone, to Earl Dalhousie by the Lord Provost. Subsequently, at the dinner given by the corporation, the freedom of the city was offered to, and accepted by him. The Albert Bridge crosses the River Clyde, at Glasgow, in three spans—the centre one of 114 feet, and side spans of 108 feet each. The abutments and piers rest upon sunk cast-iron cylinders filled with concrete and masonry. They are faced with white granite. The arches are formed of wrought-iron girders; and the whole of the bridge is 410 feet long and 60 feet wide.

Capture of a Whale at Marseilles.

In the second week in June, a whale, measuring nearly forty-two feet in length, was captured by three amateur fishermen of Marseilles, France, in the waters that wash the base of the Chateau d'If—a castle which the readers of "Monte Cristo" cannot fail recalling—and but a short distance from the shore. The whale had probably been chasing some of the smaller fish which were its prey, until it had got quite out of its course; or it may have followed in the wake of some of the vessels which had thrown overboard something particularly attractive to its appetite. Whatever may have been the inducement, it had forged along with such ardor as to have entered a place where, as the tide fell, it was unable to get back over the shallows; and in spite of its struggles, or, perhaps, in consequence of them, became comparatively easy game to the three wondering sportsmen. It need not be remarked that the London *Illustrated Times* records that there was a mighty fuss at Marseilles, nor that, securely bound to a wagon, and drawn by four horses, it was borne along the streets and the alleys of the city, where it was exhibited to a curious and excited public. To make our narrative complete, however, it must be mentioned that the curators of the museum were down upon it, comparatively speaking, "in no time," and that, having effected a bargain with the captors, the monster has now become the chief object of interest in their collection.

Popular Movements in Spain.

Since the throne of Spain was offered to, and emphatically declined by Espartero, a number of popular movements have been made in his favor in the leading cities of the Peninsula. Recently we noticed the very enthusiastic expression in which the inhabitants of Burgos indulged in his behalf; and in this issue we present an illustration of a magnificent procession, inspired by the soldierly and statesmanlike virtues of the Duke of Wellington, which passed through the Spanish capital in the first week in June. All parties, to the number of thousands, participated in the parade. A correspondent, residing at Madrid, of the French journal *Le Monde Illustré* (from which the engraving illustrating the manifestation is taken), declares that so popular is Espartero with the people, that if it depended on their voices, he would be chosen king with a cry that would be all but unanimous.

The Fire at Constantinople.

As has already been stated in dispatches from Europe by the Atlantic Cable, the great fire which broke out in Constantinople on the 6th of June was most disastrous to life and property—one thousand persons perishing in the flames, possibly two thousand

sand five hundred, as that number has been reported missing by the police of the city. The property destroyed has been variously estimated at from ten to forty millions of dollars. Indeed, when it is considered how inadequate are the means at the command of the firemen of the Turkish capital—the engines being small, and incapable of throwing large volumes of water any distance—the wonder is that the flames were sensibly checked in the wide area over which they spread with such rapidity, licking up everything they touched with their fiery tongues. With efficient machinery, the fire could have been confined to the quarter in which it originated; but, lacking the apparatus used in European and American cities to extinguish conflagrations, it continued until seven thousand houses, many of them constructed of stone and brick, were destroyed. The first illustration shows a party of firemen hurrying through the streets of Constantinople bearing upon their shoulders the small and wholly inadequate hand-engines, with which they attempted, with the solemnity of true Musulmans, to fight the spreading fire that was destroying the lives and the property of their fellow-citizens. Our second engraving, taken from *Le Monde Illustré*, gives a striking picture of the conflagration, as it was seen by its artist from the heights of Galata, which command a view of the entire district of Pera, in which it raged.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is to study oratorio music this summer.

MRS. MAEY GLADSTONE, the actress, has sailed for Australia.

MRS. JENNIE WORRELL, wearied of matrimony, has returned to the stage.

BETTY AND EMILY RIGL have been engaged for the burlesque season at the Boston Museum.

THE Richmond Theatre, Richmond, Va., will be opened for the regular season early in September.

MR. FRED MAEDER is busily engaged writing a new play for Little Nell, at present the star at Wood's Museum.

MRS. C. A. BARRY, of Boston, has been received with much favor in the Philharmonic Concerts at Florence.

JEANIE WATSON and Mr. J. F. Hardy, Scotch vocalists, appeared in concert at the Opera House, Elmira, on July 7th.

BOOTH'S THEATRE reopens for the regular season on August 15, with Joseph Jefferson as the attraction in "Rip Van Winkle."

The season at the Boston Museum closed July 4th, with the comedy of "Caste." The "Octo-roon" held the boards the previous week, and was well received.

MR. CHARLES WYNNDHAM left for England on the 2d inst. He returns late in August to start with his dramatic company, and produce the "Lancers" throughout the West and South.

EDWARD PADELFORD, the owner of the Savannah Theatre, Savannah, Ga., died in that city on Monday, June 27. He was well known to many members of the dramatic profession.

THE ZAVISTOWSKI Sisters, who are at present taking a rest on their farm at Suffren, N. Y., commence their regular season at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., next month.

THE Western Jubilee commenced at Belvidere, Ill., June 20th. Mr. Wyman, of Boston, conducted a part of the programme, and they had a battery of cannon from Chicago under charge of Lieutenant Quinn.

WILLIAM STENDALE BENNETT, Mrs. Doc., Regius Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, England, and the author of an oratorio, cantatas, and some charming piano-forte concertos, has just been created a D. C. L. by the University of Oxford.

THE five per cent. State tax on gross receipts of all amusements in the State of Virginia has, through the exertion and influence of Mrs. E. Magill, proprietress of the Richmond Theatre, every prospect of being repealed, the Legislature having acted favorably to that effect.

THE regular dramatic season at Selwyn's, Boston, will open on September 5th, with "Monte Cristo," in which Charles Fechter will appear. Mr. Fechter has gone to Europe to make arrangements for permanently remaining here, and for novelties for the ensuing season.

THE Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, closed its season on Wednesday evening, June 29th. The season continued forty-seven weeks, lacking two nights, during which time three hundred and twenty-three performances were given, including forty-three matinees.

MRS. LIZZIE PRICE lately received a very handsome compliment from John Brougham, in the shape of a MS. play, entitled "In the Tolls," presented to her by the distinguished dramatist as an admiring testimony of her kindheartedness as a woman and her ability as an actress.

GEORGE L. FOX is busily engaged preparing his new pantomime for the coming season. It will be produced immediately after the conclusion of the engagement of the Mrs. James Oates troupe. It will be replete with new tricks, and several performers, with specialties, will be introduced for the first time to a New York audience.

AT Paris they have a man who, with a conch-shell, produces all the musical sounds of different instruments, arranged in such a manner that it produces an agreeable effect, keeping time with one hand on a door. The most wonderful thing is that he moderates it with such perfection that it appears like a well arranged orchestra.

THEATRICAL ASTRONOMERS might discover a future star in the pretty person of Miss Ella Burns, whose bright and intelligent features, whose beautiful and cultivated voice, whose eloquentian talent, and, though last not least, in these times, whose wealth of chestnut hair, unmistakably sing her out for a stage favorite and a pet of the public. Let the astronomers sharpen their telescopes.

LONG BRANCH is to be favored during the summer with a series of entertainments consisting of light operas and concerts, both vocal and instrumental, which will be given with appropriate scenery, costumes, and accessories. The first performance is put down for the 13th. Among the

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 291.



ENGLAND.—HOME OF THE LATE CHARLES DICKENS, AT GADSHILL PLACE, NEAR ROCHESTER.

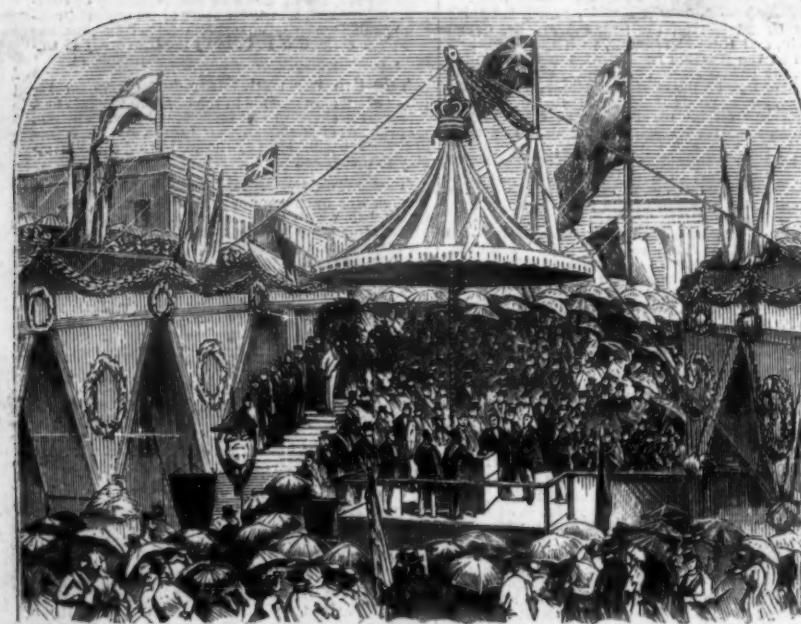


FRANCE.—PASSAGE THROUGH MARSEILLE OF A WHALE CAPTURED IN THE HARBOR.



The Earl of Clarendon. The Lord Chancellor. Mr. Cardwell.
 Mr. John Bright Mr. Childers. Mr. Bruce. Lord Kimberley
 Mr. Goschen. Earl De Grey and Rixon. Mr. Gladstone. The Duke of Argyll. Mr. Lowe. Mr. Chichester Fortescue.
 Lord Hartington. Earl Granville.

ENGLAND.—A CABINET COUNCIL OF THE BRITISH MINISTRY, AT THEIR CHAMBERS IN DOWNING STREET, LONDON.



SCOTLAND.—LORD DALHOUSIE, LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE ALBERT BRIDGE, GLASGOW.



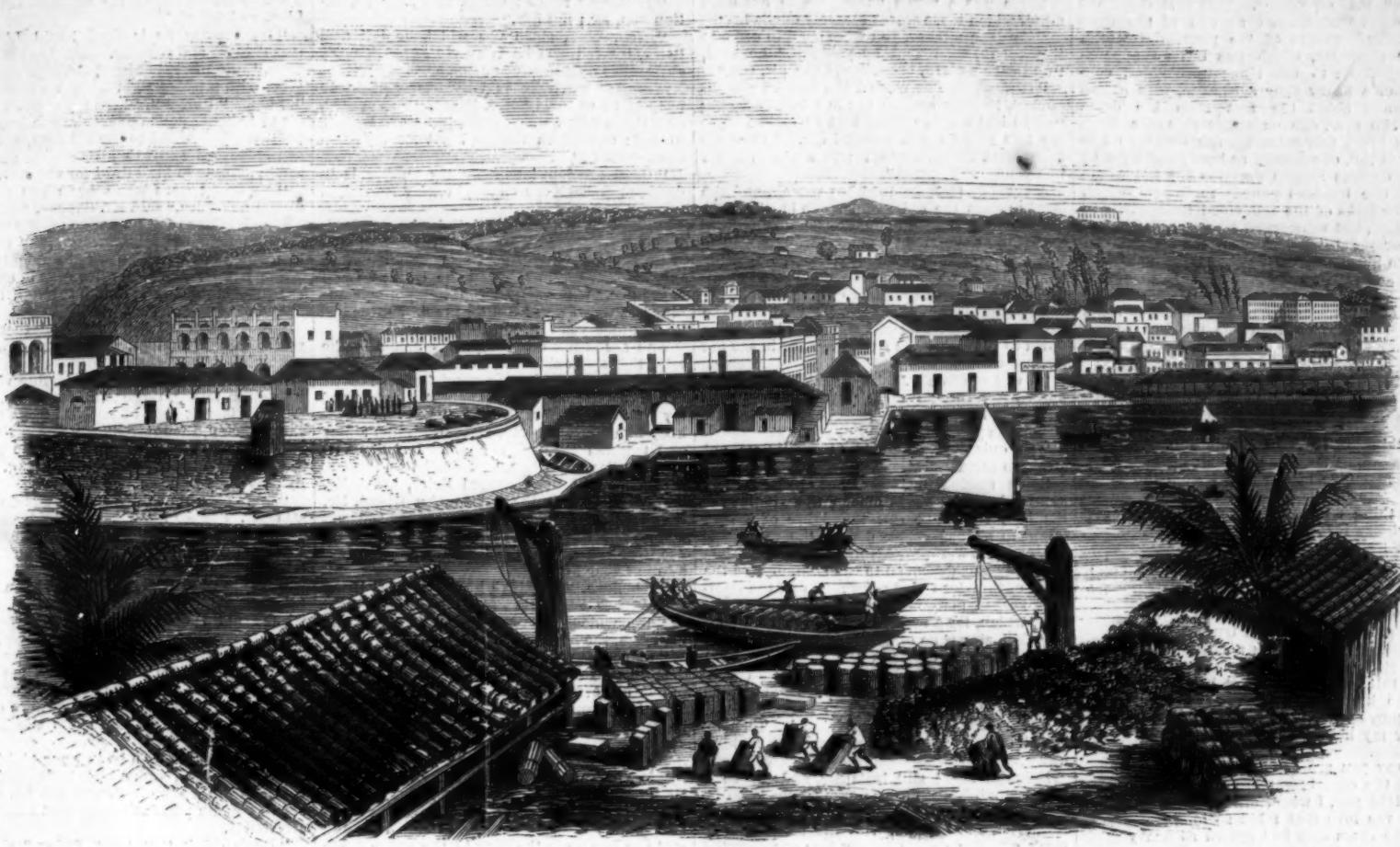
SPAIN.—PROCESSION OF THE CITIZENS OF MADRID, IN FAVOR OF RAISING ESPARTERO TO THE THRONE.



TURKEY.—THE FIREMEN OF CONSTANTINOPLE AS THEY WERE BEING HASTENING WITH HAND ENGINES TO THE GREAT FIRE OF THE 6TH OF JUNE.



TURKEY.—THE GREAT FIRE OF JUNE 6TH, IN THE ENVIRONS OF CONSTANTINOPLE—THE CONFLAGRATION AS IT WAS SEEN FROM THE HEIGHTS OF GALATA.



CUBA.—A VIEW OF THE CITY OF MATANZAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE CITY OF MATANZAS, CUBA.

The city of Matanzas, Cuba, is pleasantly located between, and on both banks of, the

regards proportion, elevation, gracefulness of arches, and general effect, in this country. The general direction of the work of erection was exercised by the rector of the parish, and the arrangements and appointments are all of the highest order. The parish where the church is located is one of the most ancient in the country. The church itself owes its origin to missionaries of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, whose memories are to be found perpetuated in an elegant memorial-window. The ministration of the first missionary dates from 1740.

The structure is built of Portland sandstone, and is finished with black walnut and southern pine. The entire length is 124 feet; the width, 58 feet; the height, 62 feet. A tower is built on the northwest corner to the height of 91 feet. The church consists of nave and aisles, with open roof; chancel divided into a choir and sanctuary; organ room; sacristy; and choristers' room. The church can seat 700 persons; the stalls for the clergy and choristers accommodate 18 persons. The sanctuary is furnished with altar, reredos, screen, bishop's chair, rector's chair, and credence table. The font of Caen stone is near the entrance at the west end of the nave.

The rector, Rev. Edward M. Gushee, is a graduate of Brown University, Providence, R. I.; and after six years of faithful, fruitful labors, he has just been called to, and accepted the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Salem, Mass.

REV. EDWARD M. GUSHEE, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Yumuri and San Juan Rivers. The population of the town is about forty thousand, which occupy two districts—Verselles, on the northern side of the Yumuri, and Pueblo Nuevo, on the southern side of the San Juan. Matanzas possesses a fine plaza de armas, two theatres, two hospitals, a public library, two churches, three markets, thirty schools, a gymnasium, a bank, a plaza de toros, a cockpit, etc., etc. The houses and streets are lighted with gas, and the water is good and abundant. Matanzas, which means "slighter," derives its name, we are told, from the fact that when the expedition sent through the island in 1514, by Velasquez, reached this vicinity, they found two Spanish women and one man, prisoners in the hands of the Indians. They were the survivors of the crew of a vessel which had been cast ashore some years previously, and their companions slain by the natives.

ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH, WALLINGFORD, CONN.

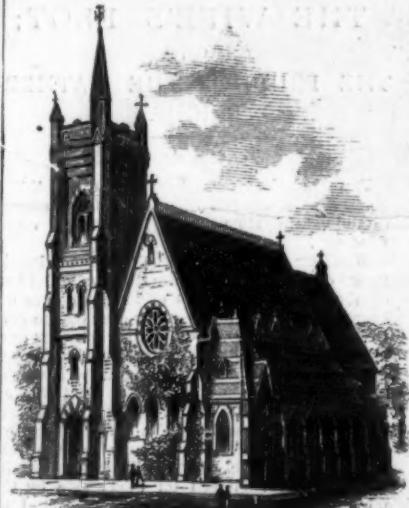
This edifice, recently erected, is acknowledged to be one of the best specimens of Gothic architecture, as

(which vessel he had cleared on the 9th, at Jaemel, Hayti, laden with copper), while in latitude 36.04 N., and longitude 75.01 W., describes to the eastward, an object which he at first supposed was the wreck of a small vessel. Altering his course, which was N. N. W., he ran down to the assumed wreck. It lay about five miles distant.

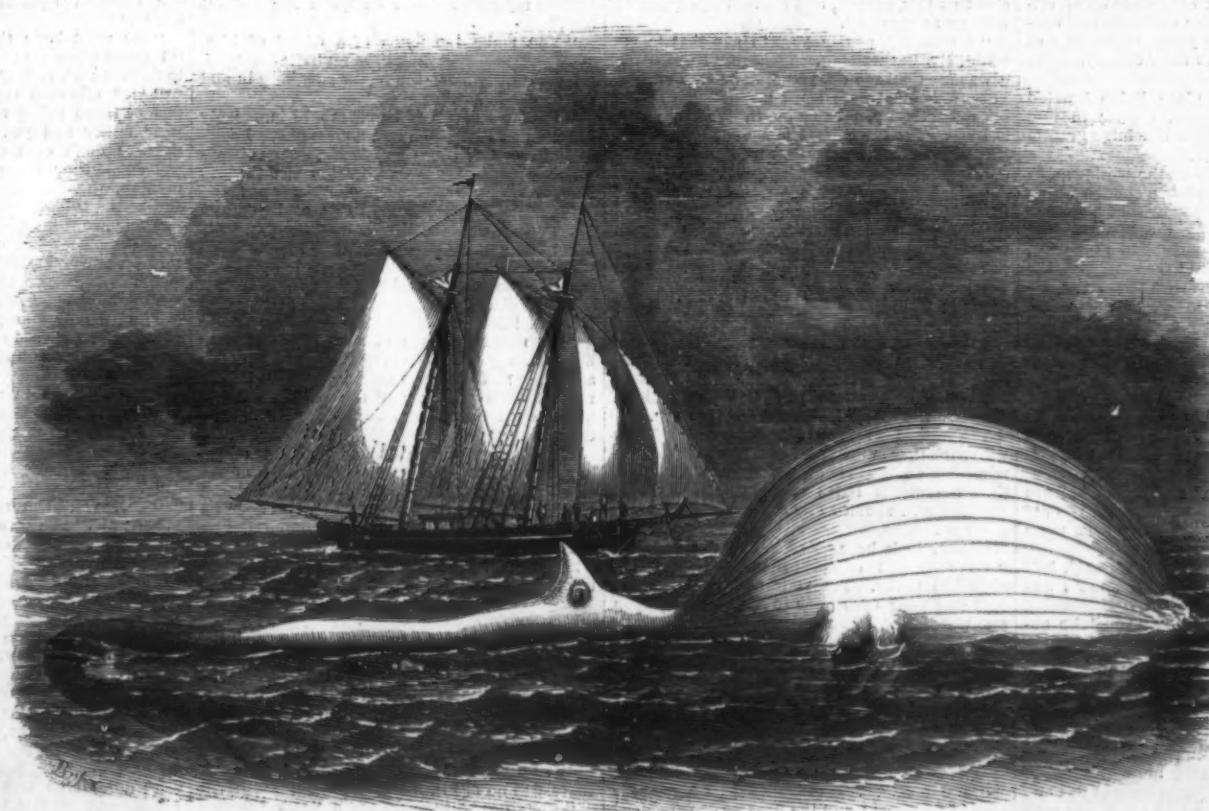
"At 7.30 A.M."—at 6 A.M. the object was first seen, the weather at the time being murky—he writes in his log-book, "I came up with it, and, to my amazement, it proved to be a large and vicious-looking sea-monster, such as I had never seen or heard of at any time. The body appeared to be about forty feet long, and the tail about sixty feet, with forked ends—each fork about four feet long. It had two feet, or fins, not unlike those of a sea-turtle. The creature stood about twelve feet out of water, and was fully forty feet in breadth. Its shape was oval, and it had ridges running fore and aft, of about four inches wide, and, I should judge, two inches deep. It had a white back and brown sides, and, at the time I neared it, was moving through the water at the rate of two miles an hour. The body seemed to have been inflated with air, and looked very much like a balloon half submerged. The crew, which I had called from their bunks, stood, with myself, on the starboard side of the vessel, the second mate going aloft, and witnessed the monster for upward of an hour, or until she permitted the balloon to gradually collapse and then sink into the depths."

The New York *Herald*, a few days subsequent to the arrival at this port of the *Saladin*, gave an account furnished by Captain Slocom of the strange fish, from which we take the subjoined:

"It was now in plain sight, with every portion clearly visible. Its architecture was very accurately measured, and the serpent was

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WALLINGFORD, CONN.,
E. M. GUSHEE, PASTOR.

found to be one hundred feet long, with a body forty feet in length, and a tail of sixty feet. But the most curious feature of the monster was an immense body of hard gristly matter twelve feet in height, forty feet in width, with the same length, which was entirely void within, forming a large bladder-shaped balloon, which, filled with air, buoyed the serpent on the water, and seemed to be an agent whereby it could keep the surface and commit its depredations either upon commerce or upon the harmless inhabitants of its own element. This oval buoy had regular ridges, running from the apex head—for this bladder preceded the body of the fish—to where it joined the main body. These ridges extended fore and aft, at intervals of four inches, with a regular height of two inches, and gave to the surface the appearance of the network of a balloon. The bladder portion was elastic, and yielded to the movements of the sea, and was two inches thick, but of a hard, dense, impenetrable character that would resist knife or bullet. On each side of this floating dome were two heavy paddles, each five feet long, by which the



THE BALLOON FISH.—A NEW FISCHERIAL WONDER OF THE GREAT DEEP.—THE SEA SERPENT ECLIPSED.—FROM A SKETCH BY A MEMBER OF THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER SALADIN.

monster made progress. This part described may all be considered as one of the most surprising wonders of the piscatorial world. The fish proper, which was but an appendage tailed on to this blown-up bladder, consisted of a heavy fishy substance, with brown sides, and about ten feet from the dome were two eyes, one on either side of a large horn. From this point the fish tapered off to a forked tail, of material as heavy and hard as iron. Captain Slocom declares the tail would weigh one hundred pounds to the cubic foot, and the forks of the tail stood horizontally in the water, but submerged four feet, the rest of the monster sitting lightly on the ocean wave. Captain Slocom feared to fire at her, to disturb her in any way, as one movement of the docile pirate would have crushed the Saladin to the deep. He believes that the animal has some internal engine by which she fills her balloon with air and discharges it at pleasure, then sinking out of sight."

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

I AM thinking to-night, my, darling,
How strong must the woman be
Who could hide in her heart, from the whole
world apart,
The thing I have hidden from thee—
The mighty love of a lifetime,
That I gave you long ago.
But I knew it was vain, and I hid my pain,
And you saw it not, I know.

Nay, never dreamed or guessed it—
The passion strong and true.
Ah, woman heart! 'twas a bitter part
The good Lord gave to you.
But I think I have borne it bravely,
And I know, dear love, to-day
I am purer in soul for the waves that roll
Over my heart away.

They say you are dead, my darling,
And the dear bright angel throng
Have told you, I ween, all the things unseen,
And the love that I hid so long;
And the cross that had grown so heavy
Seems lifted up somehow,
And my heart grows light in the thought to
night
That you know my secret now.

THE WIFE'S PLOT;
OR,
THE PRIDE OF THE HATHERLEIGHS.

CHAPTER XIX.

The wind blew freshly on the Tors, and thick, black clouds, charged with storm and lightning, came hurtling from the west across the darkened sky.

Standing on the topmost Tor was the lonely figure of young Ralph Hatherleigh, and he had climbed the Tor with no other purpose in his heart but to look down at his ease on the roof which held Ethel Dalton. And while thus gazing his soul out longingly through his eyes, down fell the first big warning drops from the sultry sky, and the first gleam of lightning flashed along the lurid sea.

Ralph bethought him of a place of shelter. Down half-way between the two highest Tors there was a piece of table-land, wonderfully desolate, yet sheltered on every side by the mountains that shut it in. Closed round by these, it was not visible from the point where Ralph stood, and the pathway to it wound in and out between the Tors in the loneliest, wildest way, hiding all comers and goers, the one from the other, till they stood face to face upon the dreary plain itself. At the higher end of this weird plain, toward the east, there stood seven tall stones upright; they were all of solemn granite, bleached in the summers and winters of nigh two thousand years, and strong as when they first stood up in their cruelty, altars of the false gods.

To this dismal, solemn place Ralph hurried through the growling storm, hoping to find shelter by crouching against the huge granite blocks of this Druid temple.

Ralph entered the plain on the western side near the sea, and instantly, like a sudden vision overpowering thought, the figures of a woman and a man, standing among the seven altars, struck upon his sight. He stopped a moment, aghast and breathless, and in that moment the man saw him, and hurriedly dropping the woman's hand, he started away, and was lost among the windings of the great hills. Then the woman drooped, crouching against the tall stone, and turning her face toward him, Ralph saw his mother!

It would be a vain attempt to strive to depict his amazement at this strange rencontre. He could but rush forward at his utmost speed, and call to her in voice which showed that he half doubted the evidence of his own senses.

"Is it you, mother?" he cried. "What are you doing here, and who was that with you?"

Mrs. Ralph turned a frightened look upon her son, and clung to him hysterically.

"I am so glad you are come," she said, half sobbing as she spoke. "Did you know I was here?"

"No; I was astonished to see you," he answered. "Have you been frightened?"

And so saying Ralph peered round anxiously for the man, whose face had flashed upon him for an instant, and then vanished. Mrs. Ralph observed the action nervously.

"Let us go," she said, taking his arm. "I would rather get wet through than stay in this dismal place. Oh, don't look after that fellow, Ralph. He is only some poor man who has lost his way here among the hills; but when he stopped and asked me the road I was a little frightened, being here alone."

There was a vague uneasiness in her son's mind, which these words scarcely quelled.

"My dear mother, you were mad to come to this rough, wild spot by yourself," he said, "and with a storm brooding in the air, too."

"It was very fine when I left home," she answered, looking around her in a terrified way; "and I had a queer fancy that I should like to see this place again before I die. I have not been here, Ralph, since I was a girl—since I was young and happy."

A burst of tears stopped her speech, and she leant against the old Druid stone in a helpless attitude of grief. A blinding flash of lightning shot along the sky at this moment, illuminating her fragile figure with a strange, unearthly light, and then a crash of thunder pealed above their heads, which seemed to shake the hills.

"It is useless to stay here, Ralph, where the storm is raging its worst," she said; "let us go down to the valley, and take shelter in the old trapper's cottage."

"I will run to old Job's for shawls and wraps, and then I think I can get you down the hill safely. To leave the shelter of these rocks, dressed as you are, would kill you."

"Go quickly, then," said Lina. "I am not afraid to remain."

Ralph started instantly, but had scarcely gone a hundred yards among the windings of the hills before he saw the figure of a man jump up suddenly from among the furze, and escape, as it were, for his life. This individual evidently was drenched to the skin, and as the peals of thunder rolled after him, and the lightning flashed across his path, he ran in a scared way, which, for a moment, made Ralph smile.

"Stop, stop!" he cried.

But the man only ran the faster, escaping from the mountains like one who fleeth from the avenger. Ralph, however, soon gained on the fugitive.

"Why, it is Byles!" he exclaimed. Then he called aloud: "Byles! what are you running away for?"

Ephraim stood still instantly, and turned a meek countenance on his pursuer.

"Dear me! to think it should be young Mr. Hatherleigh!" he said, with the usual look of weak surprise on his yellow face exaggerated to amazement. "And me running away as if a thief, or a—a—convict was after me! He! he! he!"

"I hope you did not take me for either one or the other," observed Ralph, carelessly. "What are you doing up here on the Tors, Mr. Byles?"

"I believe the humblest individual in the parish may come out on the Tors if he likes, Mr. Ralph," he replied. "I don't think there's a law against it."

"But I don't choose that you should come trying and prying after my mother in her walks, Mr. Byles," retorted Ralph; "and if ever I catch you at it again, I shall make my stick acquainted with your back without the ceremony of an introduction."

"There, now," exclaimed the frightened and injured Byles, "that's the way kindness always gets misunderstood in this world. I come out for walk quite promiscuous like—a man is glad of a walk, Mr. Ralph, who is kept hard at work all day in a office—"

"Go on!" snapped Ralph, gruffly.

"And I see a suspicious-looking fellow following your me about, and at last, when she gets among them Seven Sisters who was turned to stone for picking sticks of a Sunday, he goes and speaks to her. Well, I'd been dodging among the furze till this; but then I showed myself, and with that he goes off just like—like that streak of lightning."

All this had been uttered in short jerks, as Byles, in a breathless way, kept pace with Ralph's swift stride, and gasped as he made head against the storm.

"Men don't disappear like lightning, Mr. Byles," returned young Hatherleigh. "You were playing the spy; that's my opinion."

Ephraim's narrow eyes looked strangely vicious at this speech, and his thin lips quivered with an angry snarl.

"I wouldn't advise you to say that to me again, Mr. Hatherleigh. Whatever I was doing it was my dooty to do, you may be sure of that. There's a good deal more business goes on in our office than you know anything about; and, if I was you, I wouldn't ask questions, lest I should hear something that wouldn't be pleasant."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" cried Ralph, turning on him fiercely.

"Hold off!" shrieked Byles. "I swear, if you touch me, I won't care for partnerships or nothing. I'll ruin myself to have revenge!"

"You pitiful sneak, I am not going to strike you!" said Ralph, indignantly; "but you shall not threaten me, nor talk in riddles to me, either. I insist on knowing why you followed my mother up here, and who the man is that dared presume to waylay her in this wild place. I believe the fellow is not unknown to you."

The young man placed himself before Ephraim with such fury in his hazel eyes, and such determination on his firm face and well-knit frame, that the abject Byles cringed instantly, and shivered and shook as he stood still in the pelting rain.

"Now, look here, Mr. Ralph," he whined; "we shouldn't ought to be enemies—we shouldn't really. I'm your best friend, if you only had your eyes open to see it; I am, upon my word. And I've been your grandfather's confidential clerk these twenty years; and I'm going to be took into partnership."

"Speak to the purpose!" thundered Ralph. "I don't want to hear of the evil influence you have gained over Mr. Spence."

Byles shot a vindictive look at him, and went on sulkily.

"Well, so I am speaking to the purpose. What did Mrs. Ralph say to you about the man?" he asked; and the narrow eyes glanced furtively and curiously into the young man's face.

"Nothing," replied Ralph, firmly. "I question you, sir; not her."

"Well, then, since you will have it," said Byles, "I tell you he is an old client of ours, and rather a dangerous customer, and one that Mr. Spence wouldn't be very well pleased to hear of as annoying Mrs. Ralph. There, now, and that's why I watched while he was talking to her; and much thanks I get for my kindness, don't I?"

"Good gracious! perhaps my mother is in danger now from the villain," exclaimed Ralph, turning suddenly.

"Not a bit of it," replied Ephraim. "She's in more danger from the storm than from him. If he caught sight of you, he's far enough by this time. And, to tell you the truth, when I heard you coming after me, I thought you was him, and that's why I run for my life. He! he! he! I took you for him, I did really."

And spreading out his yellow hands in the rain, Ephraim sniffed and chuckled, as though his words contained some exquisite joke.

"The rascal is some old client of yours and my grandfather's," said Ralph, "you had better keep him to yourselves, and not let him annoy and frighten my mother again. I shall speak to the police about him."

"You'd best not," gasped Byles, hurriedly.

"You'd best take the advice of a friend, Mr. Ralph: 'Least said soonest mended.' Don't you go a-interfering with the secrets of our office, lest you should pull down your own roof a-top of your head."

"I believe, Mr. Byles," he said, "that if my grandfather has been weak enough to accept business which ought never to have come into his office, the fault is yours."

"Of course," said Byles, shaking his head dolefully, "there hasn't anything gone wrong in our office for the last twenty years that it wasn't my fault. And if you go and do some imprudent thing now, Mr. Ralph, which will give our enemies a fine triumph, that'll be my fault, too, I dare say. Hollo! here's Jemima!"

"I've got a lot of cloaks for Mrs. Ralph Hatherleigh," shrieked Jemima, twisting round in the wind, and holding her own cloak down with both hands. "Mr. Dalton called in, and said she was up in the Tors in the storm. We wouldn't believe him at first, till 'Appy de—ured her saw her go by two hours ago."

"I am very thankful to you for your kindness," said Lina, hastening to relieve the fair Jemima of the huge bundle she carried. "My mother has taken shelter among the Seven Sisters. I'll go back to her with them as fast as I can."

"Mussy," exclaimed Jemima, "you don't mean Mrs. Ralph is all alone in that gashly old haunted place! Well, I'm sure! I wonder Mr. Dalton can call himself a gentleman, and come away and leave her there."

"Mr. Dalton was not with her," replied Ralph, hastily.

"Yes he was," said Jemima, bluntly, fighting with her umbrella, her cloak, her pattens, and the rain, all at once. "'Appy seed him and her go up the Tors together—Drat the umbre—ble!—it's all in lirups!"

At the end of this speech Byles gave a loud sniff—a sniff so peculiarly irritating that Ralph felt himself grow angry to his fingers' ends.

He retraced his steps hastily through the storm to the wild spot where his mother had taken shelter. But he found her so forlorn, frightened, and drenched, that he said not a word on the subject in his mind, as he hurried her down the desolate Tors, and through the valley, to the refuge of Job's cottage.

Here, of course, while the three sisters fussed around her, he could not speak, but during the drive home—for Mr. Spence sent Lina's brougham and servants in quest of her—he related his conversation with Byles, and asked what the fellow meant.

"How can I tell?" said Lina, helplessly. "I don't worry myself about office affairs. You shouldn't quarrel with that reptile, Ralph. I know he is horrid, but he is very useful, and I believe my father would be quite lost without him."

"You make too much of a friend of him, mother," returned Ralph, in an irritated tone. "I constantly meet the fellow sneaking in and out of our house."

"I make a friend of him!" cried Lina. "My dear Ralph, I hate him as I do a snake. I can't help it, can I, if your grandfather is always sending him to and fro for papers and things? I never interfere with business."

"That old hog, Jemima Byles, said you and Mr. Dalton went up the Tors together," observed Ralph. "If so, why did he not remain with you? This ruffian client of Ephraim's could not have molested you then."

"Why didn't he remain with me?" repeated Lina, in intense indignation. "Why, because he was never with me at all. How dare that hideous, squint-eyed old maid tell falsehoods about me? I have not spoken to Philip Dalton these twelve years; and to-day, when I saw him, I went up the east Tor, while he went up the west."

With her pale face flushed pink, Lina beat her fingers impatiently on the wet glass of the carriage window, and looked as if she thought herself seriously wronged. Ralph had been up the west Tor himself, and seen no one, but he did not contradict his mother as to Mr. Dalton's whereabouts. He hated all the Byles family too much to set Jemima's word against hers.

CHAPTER XX.

"Poon-old Hartrow is dead," said Mr. Spence, as he sat sipping his usual glass of grog that evening. "There is not so much difference between his age and mine, my dear."

Lina was very pale, and leaned back in her chair, hiding her face with a screen, although there was no fire in the grate.

"Nonsense, father, you are years younger than old Hartrow," she said. "When did the poor old man die?"

"This afternoon, in the midst of the storm, Lina, so I heard."

"I am sorry he is dead," said Lina. "I meant to go and see him. Yes, I ought to have gone." And twisting her thin fingers together, Lina, with a weary sigh, let the screen fall on her lap. "I have not kept my promise to Hester as I should have done," she continued. "I promised to be kind to the old man, but I have nearly passed through all my life without, I think, doing one kind deed for any one."

"My dear Lina, I won't have you talk such dismal nonsense," said Mr. Spence, pettishly.

"Had poor old Hartrow got any one with him when he died?" she asked suddenly.

She put her hand over her eyes in speaking, but gazed anxiously at Ralph through her thin fingers.

"Yes," returned Mr. Spence; "there was a young lady with him, who came down from Hatherleigh."

"Hatherleigh!" she cried, starting violently. "My dear father, there is no young lady there. Perhaps it was one of Lady Augusta's girls," she resumed, thoughtfully. "Those three old harpies down at Sunnieshawes said she was sent to go to Hatherleigh this morning. Those Byleses seem to know everything."

"They pick up news as the birds do grain," said Mr. Spence; "but they told you truly enough. The old squire is much worse; and Mrs. Hatherleigh sent over this morning to Croyton for her son and his wife."

"And has she sent for her eldest son?" cried Lina, in a burst of childish passion. "The wicked old thing! Has she telegraphed to Ralph to come and see his dying father?"

"I dare say she has not—but I have," said Mr. Spence. "You will never find me neglect your interest, Lina, or our boy's over there."

He indicated Ralph with a gesture of pride and affection, and drank to him silently as he looked up.

"And may you soon be in your right place, my boy," he said, with a little quavering of the voice. Here he nodded, and put his glass to his lips again; but at this instant Lina's hand arrested it.

"Don't drink that toast, father," she said, "I don't like it. After all, you know, we ought not to wish anybody dead."

"My mother is quite right, sir," interposed Ralph. "I assure you I remember my grandfather Hatherleigh with so much affection that I shall be more grieved than you can imagine to hear of his death. I am sure, too, he always loved me."

"Yes, yes," said Lina, hurriedly, "he liked you always, and cares for you still, Ralph; it is that proud, vindictive old woman, his wife, who hates us all. I wish it was she lying at death's door, and not the squire."

Old Mr. Spence rubbed his hands together dryly, and smiled.

"You are both simpletons," he said. "It is much better for you that Mr. Hatherleigh should be the one to depart in peace. I happen to know that so lately as last week he had made no will, and if he dies intestate the consequences will be very pleasant for you and your son,

she said. Then she glanced down on her thin hands, and the smile on her lips passed away in a painful quiver. "But, no matter what happens," she continued, "remember always how I have suffered. It is for you to remember it, Ralph, not your father. He is Mrs. Hatherleigh's son—you are only her grandson."

She stopped here, and, taking Ralph's brown hand, she held it between her two pale, delicate hands, their smallness and weakness seeming wonderful next his strength, and their feverishness running through his veins to his very heart.

"I have tried to be a good mother to you," she said, her pretty little childish voice quivering as she spoke. "I have tried—though I am not a very wise woman, Ralph, and there is no great love in me, I think—to win love back. But you won't hate me—no, even at the worst you won't hate me!"

"My dear mother—" began Ralph. But Lina did not heed him.

"You won't hate me," she continued, dreamily. Then she let go his hand with a little laugh. "No, though I'm not very good, and I've done queer things, and I love a bit of revenge dearly. Yes I do, Ralph, dearly."

Her son felt a flash of sympathy run through his heart and soul, and the fire in his light hazel eyes kindled strangely.

"You are not alone there, mother," he said, quietly.

"Ah! there is some hatred in your veins, too, for the Hatherleighs, or there ought to be," answered Lina, and she put her hand up to her brow and gazed at him from under it steadily with one of her odd smiles upon her lips. "Yes, else you are not your mother's son, Ralph."

"Well, well," interposed Mr. Spence, "revenge is a very pretty thing, doubtless; but let us hope there will be no attempt to make a will, as that might give us all some trouble. I think it would be wiser, after all, to put off talking of our triumph till the squire is gone to join his old enemy, David Hartrow. It is queer that those two, who hated each other all their lives, should go out of the world almost in company."

"David Hartrow bore no ill-will to Mr. Hatherleigh," said Ralph, quickly.

"How do you know that?" asked Mr. Spence. "Because I saw him a few days—that is, a fortnight ago, and heard him say so," replied Ralph.

"That is no proof in law, Ralph," returned the attorney, laughing.

Lina sat silent, shading her face with her hand.

"And, by-the-by," continued Mr. Spence, "who is this young lady who sat so often with the old man? Ah, you young dog, I dare say you know something about that!"

What Ralph would have answered he scarcely knew, but he gave no reply, for at this instant a servant entered and laid a letter before Mr. Spence.

"From Mr. Byles, sir; and the messenger is waiting for an answer."

"Hang Byles!" said the lawyer, as the man left the room. "What does he mean by worrying me with business now?"

"It is something important," said Lina, "and not office business. Read it out, father."

Mr. Spence searched for his spectacles, but could not find them; so it fell to Ralph to read out Ephraim's letter.

"MY DEAR SIR: It has come to my knowledge, through a confidential friend, that Mrs. H. has telegraphed to London for a physician. I hope you won't think me intrusive for sending up this news. It has always been my humble endeavor to serve you and yours by every means in my power, although, in such a person as me, this must, of course, be very small. Please tell Mrs. Ralph that, by great trouble—I must not say how—I have managed to see the telegram. It was addressed to her old friend, Sir Henry Austen—Doctor Austen that was—and I expect he'll be down here to-morrow morning by the first train. Things are much the same at Hatherleigh. The old squire is still lying without much sense in him, and the old lady don't leave him night or day. Mr. Ernest is at the Hall, and Lady Augusta, and a young lady called Dalton." Ralph hesitated a second at the name. "I believe she is Mr. Philip Dalton's daughter. I haven't heard that the Miss Hatherleighs are sent for yet. Hoping for an esteemed line in reply, giving any orders you think proper, which I shall be as proud to attend to as ever. I am, dear sir, your very humble servant, EPHRAIM BYLES."

"Well, I hope Byles has picked up news enough for one evening," said Mr. Spence, as Ralph, with a glowing face, laid the letter down. "And it is rather good news, Lina, isn't it?"

Lina made no reply, and then looking at her, they saw she had fainted in her chair. Mr. Spence rang the bell hurriedly for help.

"Good gracious! what is the cause of this?" he cried. "There was nothing in Byles's letter to alarm her, Ralph."

"Nothing at all," said Ralph. "It is mere fatigue. She walked half way up the Tors to-day, and got frightened and drenched in the storm."

"Ah, my dear boy, your mother will be a child all her life-long," said Mr. Spence. "Nothing will ever make her think. What a folly—delicate as she is—to take such a walk as that; and to get caught in a tempest too! She'll be very ill for certain."

The little hard, dried man, whose heart and soul, and life and toil, had all been consecrated to this one idol, hovered anxiously near his daughter as the women around her brought her back to consciousness. Apparently his words were a prophecy, for Lina looked fearfully ill on awakening, and prayed faintly to be taken to her room.

"Come and sit by me, father, for a little while," she said, stretching out her hand to him in passing. "I feel as dismal as a blind

bird. I know I am going to be ill, and it is all my own fault. What a simpleton I was to go up the bleak hills to see those seven stony sisters! I shan't pity myself if I am in my room for a fortnight. I shall bring in a verdict of 'Served her right!'

Thus jesting Lina went away, kissing her hand with a smile to Ralph, and falling like a shadow into the arms of the women the moment the door was closed.

"My dear child," said Mr. Spence, "you ask me a hard thing. And must it really be done?"

Lina's feverish cheek lay upon his hand; it was bright with a hectic bloom, and her large eyes looked glassy and wild.

"It must—indeed it must, dear old pater, unless you want me to die," she replied, and her dry burning lips pressed his hand feverishly.

"You don't know what you ask, Lina," said he. "Think how many concessions I have already made to this reptile for your sake. I gave him his articles, I gave him money to study in London before he passed, and I have borne with his insolence a thousand times. And now you want me to make him my partner!"

"I can't help it—I can't help it," moaned Lina; "it must be done, unless you wish me to be disgraced and die."

There was a moment's silence, then Mr. Spence's voice broke upon her ear harshly.

"I am sick of this mystery, Lina," said he. "I will bear it no more. What is the power which this villain holds over you?"

"A power of life and death," answered Lina,

genius has adorned the British nation. The extremity of the south transept has for ages past been called the "Poets' Corner." Here is the tomb of Geoffrey Chaucer, "the Father of English Poetry," who was also a man of official business, Clerk of the Works in the precincts of the king's palace at Westminster, including the Abbey. By order of Dean Stanley, and through the diligence of Chaucer's successor in office, Mr. Christopher Foster, Clerk of the works in the Abbey, the grave of Charles Dickens was made in the middle of the floor, within a few steps of Chaucer's. The plan we have reproduced shows the exact position of most of the graves and monuments in this part of the church.

In this view, however, the spectator has his back turned on the tomb of Chaucer, and looks over the grave of Dickens, which is inclosed with benches and bestrewn with grateful flowers. The elaborate monument of the Duke of Argyll in George II.'s time rises opposite, with its four fine statues, representing the virtues and talents of that patriotic Scottish nobleman. The monuments of Goldsmith and Gay, with their medallion portraits, and with the inscriptions composed in the former instance by Dr. Johnson and in the latter case by Pope, are shown to the left hand. To the right is the graceful statue of Addison, upon a cylindrical pedestal of white marble, but his actual place of interment is in another part of the Abbey. The monument of Handel, who lies buried under the pavement next Dickens, is placed high on the wall, above that of the Ladies Lechmere; his figure, in an attitude of inspiration, stands in front of an organ, holding an opened scroll of music. The bust of Thackeray is almost hidden behind Addison's statue.

western door through which the Abbey is entered from Old Palace Yard. This is, no doubt, the ancient and original "Poets' Corner," but that name has latterly been extended, as we now see, to the whole breadth of the south transept.

NEWS BREVITIES.

HOLLAND has twelve hundred windmills.

A NEW street in London is to be called Lothair.

There were 83,000 violent deaths in England last year.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Iowa, has uniformed its firemen at an expense of \$900.

OWNERS of horses in England must take out a license for each, or incur a penalty of \$25.

A JANESVILLE, Wisconsin, printer-girl recently set 12,000 ems of solid nonpareil in ten hours.

THE RUSSIAN Minister of Finance authorizes the employment of women as clerks in custom-houses.

THE landlords of the leading Boston hotels have been summoned to court to answer for liquor-selling.

THE Illinois River is extremely low, rendering its navigation difficult for other than boats of light draught.

THREE hundred first-class mechanics and artisans have located at New Albany, Ind., within the past year.

BLAIZE of Milwaukie, manufactured last year 15,200 barrels of lager beer, and intends to make 25,000 this year.

LONDON exquisites require for each afternoon a fresh miniature bouquet, costing from two shillings to half a crown.

THE skeleton of a woman found under an old tenement house in Columbus, Indiana, is creating a sensation there.

It is proposed to publish biographical sketches, in one volume, of the first two hundred and twenty-five graduates of Harvard.

THE war left us a debt equaling a quarter of the entire receipts of the government from the date of our independence to the year 1869.

A RUSSIAN millionaire just dead in Paris was famous for having once given a *petit souper* with parrots' tongues stewed with truffles.

THE Tazewell County (Illinois) Agricultural Fair is to be held in Pekin, September 20 to 23, inclusive. Ten thousand dollars are offered in premiums.

THE Boston "Transcript" says that the New York politicians most clamorous for a change in their Custom House, are now the most bitter at the change made.

THE most gigantic trial on record is about to take place in Hungary—that of three hundred brigands, of whom two-thirds are likely to be condemned to death.

A STRAWBERRY cultivator at Aurora, Ill., sold \$460 worth of berries this year from five acres of ground, which was considered good business for so dry a season.

A TEXAS couple eloped on horseback, accompanied by a clergyman. They were pursued by the bride's father, and the minister performed the marriage ceremony at full gallop.

THE first sample of St. Louis flour made from the wheat-crop of 1870, was exhibited on "Change" in Boston on the 7th inst. The wheat was grown within six miles of St. Louis.

A MICHIGAN farmer anointed his potato vines with rat poison to destroy the bugs, and the next morning found his herd of cows dead, they having broken into the potato patch during the night.

THE Mormons of Utah have turned their attention to the production of gloves that rival those of Paris in delicacy and workmanship. The gloves are made from genuine kid, raised in the vicinity of Salt Lake.

A DEPUTY United States marshal, in taking the census, has found a resident near Shelbyville, Ind., ninety-three years old. He can read any ordinary print without spectacles, and has a sound memory.

THERE has been an unusual mortality among the members of Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati during the past year. Its ranks are being filled by recruits from the third generation from its original members.

THE expense of railroad trains to accommodate the soldiers who wish to attend the reunion at Des Moines will amount to \$100,000, and in return the companies ask the soldiers simply not to deface the interior of the coaches.

AT the Charlestown, Mass., State Prison, the convicts were regaled on the Fourth with a banquet and an oration on "Liberty." An aged convict remarked that the plum-pudding was nice, but the oration rather out of place.

A FEMALE suicide in Vicksburg on June 26th, left behind her a letter directing that the fact be communicated to her parents in Warren County, Ohio, and that she be "buried in a white dress to be found in her trunk party cut out."

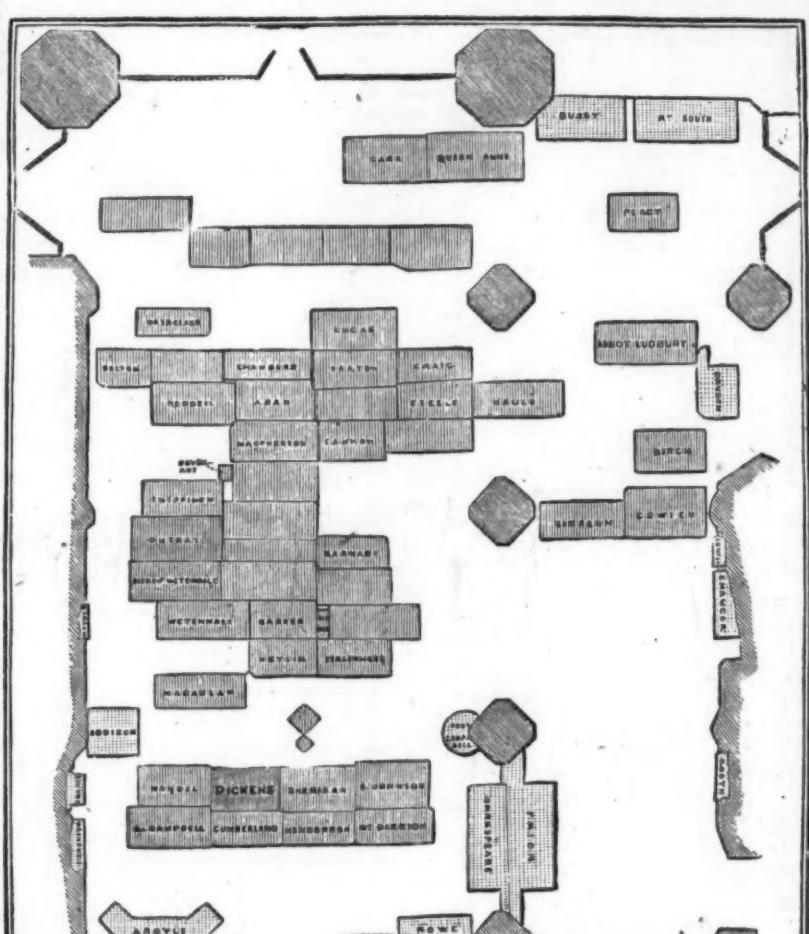
A CODFISH caught off Portsmouth harbor the other day was found to contain a pint of champagne bottle in an entire state. The old fishermen of Piscataqua declared the fish must have taken the bottle from the bar at the mouth of the Merrimack.

WHEN Hawthorne was in England he was told by Monkton Milnes, from whose lands a portion of the Pilgrim Fathers emigrated, that the next voyage of the Mayflower, after she had landed the Pilgrims, was with a cargo of slaves from Africa to the West Indies.

A MAN named Bishop, of Westmore, Vt., who had been very fond of repeating to his children the old maxim which illustrates the good results of retiring early, set them the example the other night. He awoke about midnight to find that his wife had not only not been to bed, but had closed with a neighbor.

AN extraordinary case of transplantation of skin has just taken place in England. A white child had sustained an enormous burn which would not heal, and a piece of skin taken from a negro was transplanted with success to the face of the burn. The skin of a negro was solicited in order to determine how much of the fresh piece became incorporated with the tissues over which it was placed.

A PARTY of Americans at Zurich, Switzerland, having become prejudiced against the country for some reason, determined to wreak a terrible vengeance on the unoffending Swiss. So they organized among themselves a base-ball club, with two nines, and played a match game. The match excited great interest among the natives, and our countrymen retired over the Alps, their faces lighted with a sly smile of sardonic satisfaction. Their devilish revenge has worked, and now poor Switzerland is cursed and inundated with a passion for base-ball.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.—PLAN OF THE POETS' CORNER, WHERE REPOSE THE REMAINS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

with white lips. "Sometimes I feel inclined to tell it all, and have an end and die."

"And what would the end be?" asked Mr. Spence, with sharp bitterness in his tone.

"Triumph for all our enemies, shame and disgrace for me—and you," replied Lina; "yes, you; for the world would never believe that you were not my accomplice, or, at least, had not connived at my deed."

A great weary sigh broke from Lina's lips, and she leant back in her pillow, trembling.

"Do you dare say that to me?" asked her father, leaning forward to look into her face.

"Do you dare?"

"Don't be angry, father," she said. "I am not so wicked as to say this myself—I know better; I know how innocent you are of all my sins and follies. Keep so, my dear old pater, and don't worry me into confessing a deed which you must either denounce or connive at. Let things stay as they are. I want to save you; but I care nothing for what people may one day say of Byles. If all the world kicked him to death he would only get his deserts; but why should I drag you down to his level?"

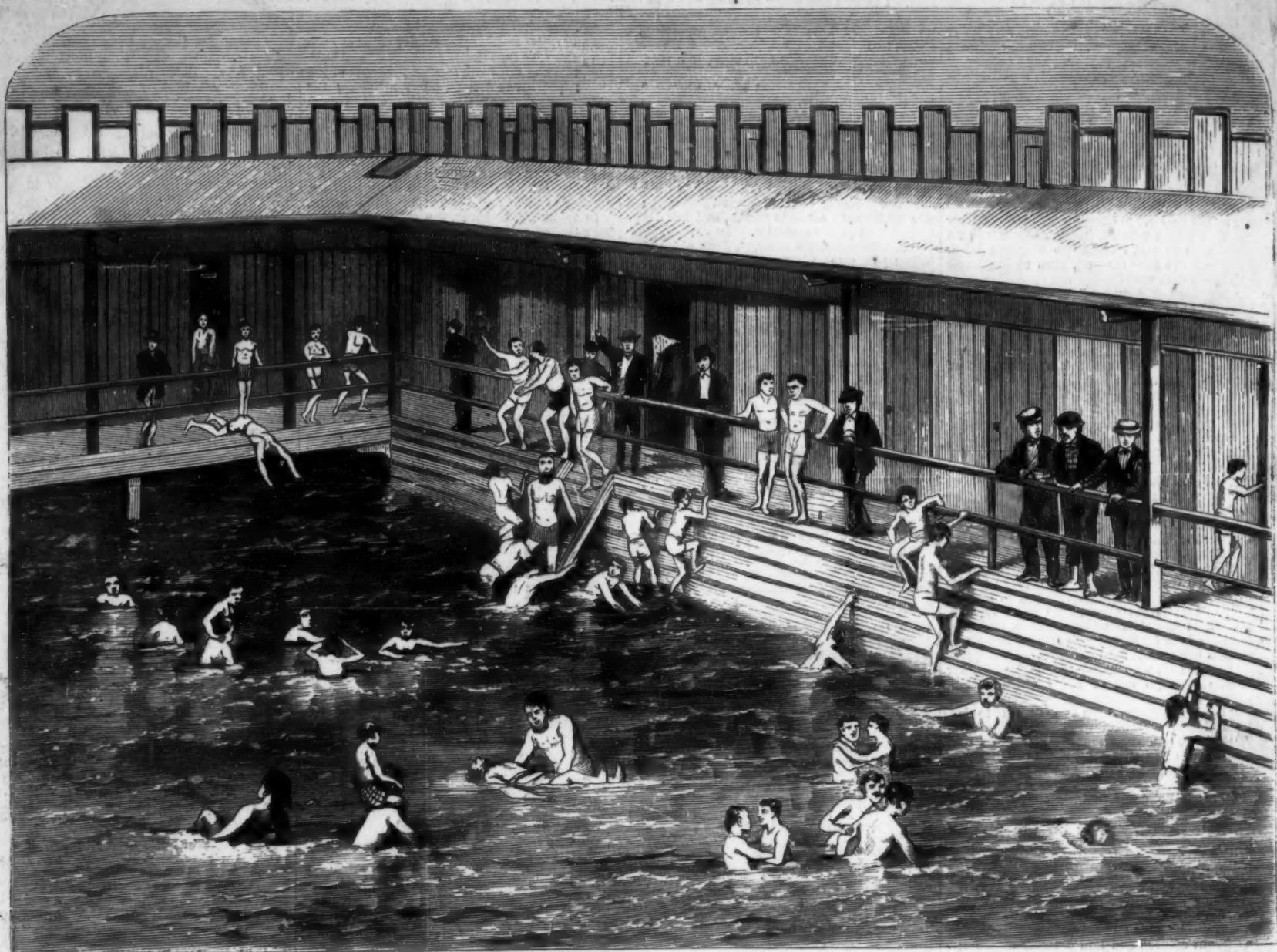
There was truth in her words, and a little sprinkling of unselfishness, which, from its rarity, touched Mr. Spence the more.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

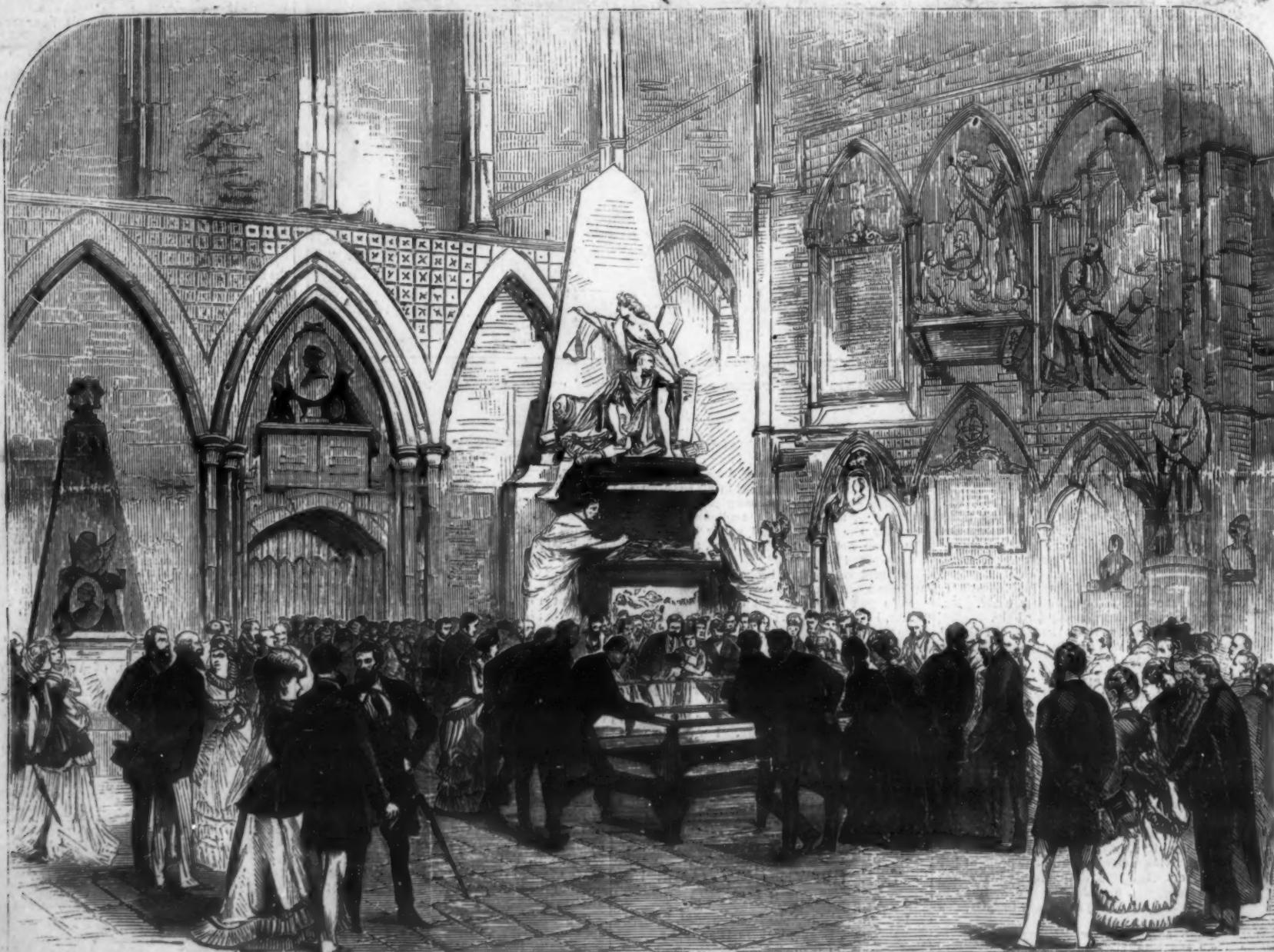
In the venerable Abbey Church of St. Peter, at Westminster, England, there is a place allotted by traditional custom to the burial, or, at least, to the obituary record of men whose literary

and scientific attainments have won them a place in the Poets' Corner. The grave of Charles Dickens is one of the most prominent in this part of the church. It is a flat stone, inscribed with the name of the author, and the date of his death. The stone is surrounded by a low wall, and is set in the floor of the church. The stone is inscribed with the name of the author, and the date of his death. The stone is surrounded by a low wall, and is set in the floor of the church.

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NEW YORK CITY.—A REAL BLESSING TO THE POOR—THE NEW NORTH AND EAST RIVER PUBLIC BATHS.—SEE PAGE 300.



ENGLAND.—THE GRAVE OF THE LATE CHARLES DICKENS, IN THE POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 306.

JULY 23, 1870.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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OUR SUMMER RESORTS.—BATHING IN THE SURF AT LONG BRANCH—From Instantaneous Pictures taken by our own Photographer.—See Page 200.



THE CREMATION.

ONCE more I look upon ye, faded, time-worn things!

Long, long ago I put ye from my sight. Soft-hearted fool! is this a tear that springs From out my tired eyes at sight of ye to-night?

I only gaze—I dare not trust my heart to read.

One word—not e'en that dear, forbidden name!

Well, woman's heart was made to break and bleed—

Why make ado, since fate alone is all to blame?

Old letters! What is it that stays my trembling hand?

Why do I shrink and falter when I faint would throw

Ye to the leaping flames? Why should I wavering stand,

O faded relics of a happy long ago?

Why should I hold ye sacred, when the one who pained

Long since forgot, it may be, e'en my very name?

'Tis woman's curse to love unto the bitter end—

Returned or unreturned, despised—'tis all the same!

Away with weakness now—I will be strong! See! now I yield them bravely, one by one; The hungry flames leap up—a jovial throng; The sweet romance is ended, and the story done.

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART II.—THE FRENCH COUNTESS.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE SUMMONS—LAST YEAR'S PINE-CONES—THE PONIARD-THRUST—RECKONING THE AMOUNT OF DANGER—ONLY A GNAT-BITE—THE JAWS OF THE WOLF CLOSING WITH A SNAP—PERSONAL DANGER NOT YET PASSED.

"WHERE is Basili—the Servian?"

So imperative were the accents of the brief question, that the roughly-clad and coarsely-bearded Tartar who had withdrawn the heavy wooden bars which secured the doorway, in answer to that impatient summons, hesitated before he replied. Yet, the summons would have been more hesitatingly given by Podatchky, but for the grave command of the queenly figure who had shapen this question. It was sitting upon its horse before the gateway of the log-castle, framed in the gray shadows of early morning, and the dark green of the tall pines, stretching upon each side of the narrow and rude approach, up to the very walls. The pause of the man was, however, cut short by the sharp voice of the Servian.

"Basili is here."

As the keenly audacious glance of the outlawed liver on the spoils of his hand—red or not, as they might chance to be—wandered over that proudly grand beauty, some flush of memory, as if he might have known it before, broke over him. While he was endeavoring to place that memory, or the similitude which recalled it, the voice again spoke.

"I come from your employer."

"From which or whom of them?" sneeringly mocked the man who was addressed. "They have well-nigh outnumbered the last year's pine-cones."

His hand waved toward the firs, on which this year's crop was already forming.

"From Paul Dimitry!"

"Countess"—he replies, as with a lightning-like rapidity, his memory at once placed and identified the resemblance of Catharine Dolgorouki to her dead father—"you do me a great honor."

Even while speaking, he claps his hands, together, thrice. One could, scarcely, have counted ten, before the rudely gloomy hall behind him, swarms with dark and wild shapes. They are garbed in every strange variety of Tartar, Scavonic, and Mongolian costume—rude-looking and menacing. All of them are armed. Some, in a primitive fashion, enough, carry bows and arrows and the Cossack pike. Others have the coarse muskets of the period, with sabres, scimitars and knives of every description.

"It would seem so."

Catharine Dolgorouki smiles contemptuously, as she says this. But, her voice does not change the ringingly hard tone, in which her few previous words have been shapen.

"Your Excellency ought to know"—he says sharply—"whom, they are, that Paul Dimitry deals with."

"Dealt with!"

As she almost repeats his last words—so slight is the difference, he might imagine his ears deceive him—his keen eyes fasten upon hers with a penetrative inquiry in their glance.

"What does your Excellency mean?"

"Paul Dimitry is dead."

"Two days since, I saw him. Catharine Dolgorouki!—you are jesting with me."

She makes a sign to Podatchky, who has during the preceding conversation been standing at her side.

He attempts to pass behind her, but as he does so, the Servian cries—

"Seize him!"

But for the rapid and stern order of the Countess, Podatchky would have struggled. His knife was already out. He drops it, when she speaks. Then, his mistress moves slightly to the left. She points with her outstretched finger to a horse which has been standing immediately in her rear. Its bridle is fastened to the pommel of the saddle of the one, Podatchky

has been riding. Basili recognizes the animal at once. It is the same he has seen Paul Dimitry mounted on—the horse of the dead Boydard. The heavy saddle, the neck and muscular forequarters of the Flemish charger are stained with the clotting blood, which has not yet had sufficient time to dry upon them.

The Servian is a man prone to decide rapidly, and act promptly. What else can be the daily nature of an armed antagonism to human law?

Naturally enough, a moment's thought has induced him to conclude that the wife of Sapichy and the serf cannot be alone. With his left hand, he suddenly grasps at the bridle of her horse. She makes no movement, when he seizes it. Then turning suddenly, he utters a rapid order—while still holding it—in a dialect of which she is able to follow, nearly, every word.

"Listen to me—Basili!"

"Why should I?" he cries jestingly, but, with an angrily mounting color on his sallow cheek, which belies his scoffing tone—"and lose the moments which count up in life, by my folly. Dismount!"

"First—hear what I have to say!"

As a dozen men armed with muskets and carbines file, from the entrance, down the narrow road, in a running trot, the Servian—with a quickness and dexterity which practice in physical emergencies of every class, alone, could have given—throws his disengaged arm lightly around the nervous and supple waist of Madame Dolgorouki—swings her out of the saddle and the stirrup, and places her form upon the ground, before him.

"Now—speak!"

With not a particle more of color in her face, than she previously had, but with her red lips tightly compressed, her brows knit, and the hazel orbs burning beneath them, like coals of living fire, she thrusts the Servian violently from her, and plunges her left hand in the holster. It is not of her own mare, but, the horse of Mallowitz. Divining what her purpose might be, he springs forward and seizes her wrist. At the very moment he does so, he receives a prompt and stinging thrust through his left shoulder. The poniard which she carries on her own person, has replaced the cumbersome weapon—it is needless to say that it was neither a Colt, nor a dueling pistol—which Zaida has borne from her.

Dropping his hold upon her wrist, he is forced backward by the abruptly vigorous blow, until he stands, angrily panting, in the doorway.

As the hot blood sprints from his shoulder, thirty or forty angrily brutal visages cluster closely behind him. The men, to whom they belong, are waiting for his orders. Half a dozen muskets are leveled, from his side and across his shoulder, at the bosom of her who has so sharply stricken him.

For the instant, all the evil that is on the surface or in the depths of the man's cruel nature, comes into play. He glares fiercely at Catharine. It is with the look of an incarnate fiend that he does so.

Then, with an inconceivable rapidity, the diabolical look of wrath passes away. His whole countenance changes. Yes! it might be true, the tranquil endurance of his captive—Fedorowna, has imposed, somewhat, upon him. But "by the devil's claws," this woman is fashioned out of widely different and grander stuff. Literally, she seemed to expand before his sight. It is, as though she were growing larger, stronger and more superbly beautiful. Why! even now, she does not so much as flinch, when half a score of bullets are simply waiting for his word. She has the look of a tigress, in her flashing eye. It does not so much as waver. When his lips give the order, he is certain she will have leapt upon him.

"Will you listen—now?"

"Ground your weapons."

Question and command are heard—ringingly and clearly—at one and the same moment.

Intuitively, she has felt what has been passing through his bold and keen brain. In that singularly mixed nature, spite of its sudden fit of masculine passion, and the scathing trouble of her last few days, there could scarcely fail to awaken some faint reflex of its feminine coquetry. An audaciously impudent smile, momentarily plays across her lips. Without laying aside the strip of enameled steel which has, for the first time, tasted red blood, she extends her left hand. Basili bends over and touches the white fingers with his lip.

"I am safe!"

"You are—Catharine Dolgorouki!"

"And you?"

As she asks this, with a defiant glance at his wounded shoulder—one of his followers is employed in binding it—the hand which has been clinched upon the murderous toy, sinks with it to her side.

The Servian laughs, as with his left shoulder—the one whose arm has been wounded—he flings the extemporized surgeon aside.

"It is but a gnat-bite."

There was something in the cynical indifference of the man, which humiliates, even while it amuses the daughter of Ivan Dimitry.

"What does your Excellency mean?"

"Paul Dimitry is dead."

"Two days since, I saw him. Catharine Dolgorouki!—you are jesting with me."

She makes a sign to Podatchky, who has during the preceding conversation been standing at her side.

He attempts to pass behind her, but as he does so, the Servian cries—

"Seize him!"

But for the rapid and stern order of the Countess, Podatchky would have struggled. His knife was already out. He drops it, when she speaks. Then, his mistress moves slightly to the left. She points with her outstretched finger to a horse which has been standing immediately in her rear. Its bridle is fastened to the pommel of the saddle of the one, Podatchky

has sufficed the wife. The husband will ride to seek her with five-score. Paul Dimitry is no more able to protect you. Had he lived—"she continued, with a frightfully bitter calm—"believe me, he would not have possessed the power to do so."

Gloomily had Basili listened, while the ruthless logic of the Russian lady had stripped the illusions from the dream of passion and license, his coarse fancy had reared.

"What then, has the wolf to do?"

"To close his jaws, and play the part of the faithful hound."

The Servian's teeth closed with an angry snap, as he heard this. Then, with a threateningly dark glance, he asks suddenly—

"How is he to be paid?"

She shows him the diamond which Mallowitz had brought to her, from Potzec. His hungry eyes gleam as they fasten on the glistening gem.

"What was this pledged for?"

"How should I know?"

"For how much?"

"With whom?"

"Grosmott—the smith!"

"Then the foul-hearted scoundrel—" he commences fiercely.

"Was brained by his own hammer, in his own forge."

The savage curtness of her interruption has, at last, cowed Basili. He is, for the time, silent, and gazes on her with a wistful irresolution—almost stupefied with rage and terror. Standing before her, it would almost have seemed, she was of a mightier race than he. After a pause, she reiterates her previous question.

"Two thousand roubles."

"Keep it"—she says to him—"till you can send it to me, by a sure hand. I will pay you what Paul has promised you. It will not be soiled by your fingers, more than by his. Soap and water will clear a jewel. It is as bright as before. What cleanses the filthy soul?"

The scornful wrath of her manner, in giving voice to these words, becomes terribly menacing as he clutches the diamond, eagerly, and conceals it on his person. "Remember! it must be in my hands within the month. It belonged to my mother. I shall not forget it has only been pledged to you. Now—lead me to the chamber of the Countess de Chateaupers."

He offers her his hand, to conduct her across the threshold.

"I can walk alone—Basili!"

"I should think you could!"—he mutters between his teeth—"even across the swordlike blade which spans the hell of the Moslem."

Without noticing the looks of grimly stolid astonishment which are turned upon him by his followers, who are grouped around watching them, he signs to the two men, who are holding Podatchky, to release him. He is then on the point of entering the log-house, when a few straggling shots are heard in the distance.

Their report is probably deadened by the dense wood through which it travels. Pausing—he turns and listens. After this, the nearer noise of struggling and rushing feet is heard, with the tramp of advancing horses. Once more the lawless nature of the man is roused. He looks round upon Catharine Dolgorouki.

"What and who are these?"

"I know not."

The ferocious accent of the Servian's question tells her, all of her personal danger from him has not yet passed. Yet, she has answered coldly and impassively. Then—five of his followers rush back through the clustering pines, and the sound of the pursuit is more plainly audible. As they appear, he recognizes the first of them, and cries out with curt interrogation—

"Well! Krilowitz?"

"Sapichy Dolgorouki is on his way, here!"

"How know you?"

"I saw him."

"How many men has he?"

"More than a hundred—well armed!"

Exaggeration of number might, in this case, be pardoned. Covered by the partial gloom of the forest, and the commencement of the unexpected struggle with a larger force than their own, Krilowitz had merely doubled the count of the enemy.

"Within!"

As the order rings out, shrill and clarion-like, from the lips of Basili, he again turns upon the Countess. He is about to seize her by the arm, when, with a grandly calm action, she passes her hand abruptly through his.

"When my word is passed, I never lie."

The Servian does not, and, in all probability, will never know, how clearly all which had been passing across his treacherous brain, a few moments since, had been read by the Russian lady. Yet, his brow flushed scarlet, as he hears that simply haughty sentence. He felt, once more, her will compels his own.

She has, of her own accord, taken the arm, to touch even the fingers of which she had so recently declined. It seemed as if that voluntary action had, anew, iterated her promise.

He does not stir.

All of his band, who had been standing without, have passed into the log-house. Thronging behind the entrance, they watch the strange scene. In the cool, fresh morning light, which is gradually brightening, the two figures stand—alone visible, in the silent space. Neither the horse-tramp, nor any other sound of the approaching party, is now heard.

"Will you not join us—Basili?"

The appealing outcry comes from Krilowitz. Not a movement, in reply to it, is made by the Servian. His gaze is sternly fixed upon the ground before him. The keen eyes of Catharine Dolgorouki are scanning the shadows of the narrow road, and searching the outstretching columnar pines which lie on either side of it.

"Ferapont!"

As the name falls upon the ears of Basili, he looks up, throwing a rapid glance in the direction her utterance has taken. When he does

so, he sees two figures which have been stealing toward them—scouts, on the lookout—through the tall fir-trees. At the same instant, one of them shapes a rapid cry of astonishment, and exclaims—

"It is the mistress."

"Go back—Ferapont! and tell your master, that Catharine Dolgorouki is waiting here, for him, with Black Basili, the Servian."

CHAPTER XXIV.—NO NEED FOR WORDS—EXAMINING THE CORPSE—MARKS OF THE CON

spurs are plunged in the flanks of his steed. All follow him.

A few shots, more, are heard. Then, a score of flashing sabre-strokes among the trees have disposed of one-half of the improvised ambush.

The remainder have taken to their heels. They are pursued for a brief space. But the ways of the thickening forest are better known to them, than to those who tread it for the first time. Moreover, they are on foot. In some minutes more, the whole of those who had accompanied De Chateaupers and followed Sapichy, are gathered in the track beneath the trees, some half of a verst in advance from the spot where the body of Paul Dimitry is yet lying.

When questioned, Androwitch answers the Basman truly. Probably his experience of this first brief encounter has convinced him, any attempted treachery would be a thoroughly unprofitable investment.

All arrangements were made, and again they moved on.

The astonishment of Sapichy when he was informed by his scout—the serf, Feraponte—that his wife, Catharine Dolgorouki, who he had believed, was then stretched upon a bed of sickness at Berenoff, was here, at Darenvna, may be divined. At first, he would not believe it. His acute worldly wisdom refused to credit the seeming impossibility.

"She was unconscious, and is here. God helped her to health—my friend! that she might act, while you and I have been dreaming."

Henri de Chateaupers had received the truth which the Russian had, almost, denied. Without pausing even to reckon up chance and probability, his instinctive faith in the woman whose grand pluck and resolute endurance had given to him, Flodorowna, have shapen the implied reproach, both to himself and Sapichy. The rein and the spur are both answered by his steed, as he disappears round a corner of the track, behind the crowding pillars of the forest. It is in the direction of the log-castle of the Servian.

He is now in the still, gloomy chamber, listening while Flodorowna recounts to him all which has passed. She pauses, and both turn as the door opens. Catharine Dolgorouki occupies the entrance. The Russian lady is, as it were, embedded in an aureole of the fuller light of the passage without. The nephew of the Prince Dolgorouki is standing behind her.

"My mistress!"

With this exclamation, the French countess quits her husband's arms, and springs forward. She endeavors to throw herself at her friend's knees, but is prevented by the rudely rough gripe of Catharine.

"Stand erect—Flodorowna de Chateaupers! my cousin!"

"You hear the mistress!"

Madame Dolgorouki looks whence the voice had come, and recognizes Mallowitz. He had been standing in the furthest corner of the chamber, near the bed. With a fixed and haughty glance, those leonine eyes seem to question him.

"I have not, yet, spoken!"

Cringingly, and at the same time defiantly, he is crossing the apartment, toward the door in which she is now standing. It might, possibly, be that he feels she must be unable to look upon him without hatred. Aye! and he knows too well what the hatred of a Dimitry has, heretofore, been.

Her command replies to his belief.

"Remain here—Mallowitz!" The former Starost of Yerkowa comes, at once, to a dead halt. One might have fancied the touch of the wand of an enchantress had stricken those largely-shapen, living limbs, and frozen them into stone. His darkly querulous glance, even, is not mobile. It is bent only on her countenance—watching it, and seeming as though it questioned her meaning, with an expression of stolidly marvelling fear. "Your work—" she continues—"has been God's will. It was the end of a gradually hurrying Judgment which, happily, has, for ever, wiped the stain of his guilt from the soul of Ivan Dimitry."

When all the tale which is now closing, has been explained, the philosophy of this idea may seem curious to those who, in its perusal, have known the woman.

How can this be helped? There is much of the trivial and heroic, the godlike and eccentric, in that strangely-varied soul. Sapichy, at any rate, appears to think so. His glance has been steadily fixed on her form. This may be seen without the chamber, in the full light of the passage, which cuttingly marks out her figure. A look of dark, even savage gloom has clouded his usually worldly features. Now, it is replaced with a strangely doubting admiration, which gradually fades away into a cruelly sneering yet tenderly mocking love.

Henri de Chateaupers can, as yet, understand nothing of her meaning.

"Speak to me—Catharine!"

When her ears receive the imploring words, in which the entreating love of Flodorowna shapes itself, the daughter of the dead Boyard raises the hand which does not grasp the shoulder of Madame de Chateaupers, and presses it sharply to her brow.

It might seem that she is endeavoring to control either her anguish or her shame.

"Oh! Ivan—be with me, in this hour. Help me, with thy courage!" When she utters this, the French gentleman might have fancied that she felt the positive presence of her dead parent, tangibly, beside her—so radiantly strong a look lights her face. It almost sublimed it to a glory. She plucks from her bosom a parchment yellow with age, and extends it to De Chateaupers. He takes it. "When I—Catharine Dolgorouki—gave you this girl as a toy—" she continues—"and you made her your wife, I knew not whom she was. Simply, be-

lieving her to be a by-blow of Ivan Dimitry, I strove to withhold her from the love of his unworthy son and my dead brother. Upon his own death-bed, Ivan summoned me. I went. The Mother of the Lord knows, that, ignorant as I then was of what he required from me, I should have walked to his side, had I no other means to have borne me thither—so truly did I love him. Had I suspected why he needed me, I should have crawled to him, on my knees, though I had been five times the distance from him. It was 'to do justice' he had bidden me come. God and the saints had fashioned him with a mighty will. He chose not to die, until he had spoken with me. When I knelt beside him, he told me where, by his orders, Mallowitz had concealed the writing you hold in your hand. It contains, only, a few lines. They are written by his elder brother—my uncle—to Ivan. With his failing fingers, he traced them, when he was about to die. He bade Ivan rear his child—Flodorowna Dimitry—now your wife, and deal justly with her. Her mother was a Frenchwoman, and married to the Boyard—Paul Dimitry, whose name has been defiled by his foul Paul. She had ended her life, in giving her daughter birth. My father—Ivan—wronged her." As her tongue shapes the last phrase—each word of which rang out even keener and harder than those which had preceded them—her hand releases Flodorowna. Clasping its fingers with those of the other, and raising them as if in prayer, to her bosom, she looks upward. Her hazel eyes seem to pierce the rafters of the low ceiling, with their flashing brilliancy. She appears to be utterly unconscious of those who are standing before her. "Oh! Ivan—" she cries, passionately—"I have done what you commanded me—no more and no less. Let them judge us, as they choose."

So astounded were the two participants in this strange scene, whom her words had special significance to—she had already told Sapichy all which they had heard—that for some moments neither of them spoke.

Flodorowna de Chateaupers was the first who broke the silence. Looking at Mallowitz, she said—

"Is this true?"

"It is—Flodorowna!"

Then, she crossed from the spot, on which she is still standing, to her husband.

"Give me that writing—Henri!" Taking it, she opens the parchment, and reads the few lines in it—Catharine Dolgorouki had described its length, correctly—several times, as though she were endeavoring to imprint them thoroughly on her memory. After having done so, she kisses the name which is appended to the writing, devoutly and reverently. Then, placing it once more in her husband's hand, she seems to whisper to him—her voice is couched in so low a key—"destroy it, Henri! I cannot do so."

The daughter of Ivan Dimitry has heard, and a glance of imperious scorn is flashed upon Flodorowna, as Catharine exclaims—

"Child! mon bon camarade—Monsieur de Chateaupers knows better."

Sapichy's eyes—probably, for the first time, since he has been emancipated from swaddling clothes—expand with astonishment, as he sees the Frenchman slowly tearing the parchment into small pieces, and dropping them quietly upon the floor, without having, even, glanced at a single line or word which is written on it.

"I am a French gentleman"—he says simply—"and Flodorowna Dimitry is, now, Madame de Chateaupers."

His wife pays him with such a look of proud and trusting love, as few husbands buy. Then, she again approaches the Russian lady.

"My mistress! will you not call me, again, your cousin?"

As the Countess Dolgorouki clasps her with both arms, and draws her to her bosom—rain-kisses upon her brow and upturned blue-eyes—Sapichy turns away. He feels he could laugh out, in his mingled contempt and great joy, but for the love he bears his wife. Nevertheless! he feels it may not be well to trust, too implicitly, to his power of restraining the mirth which is welling up to his lips. Then, Catharine Dolgorouki looks up, and murmurs—

"I thank the saints, oh! Ivan, my father, that none may, now, blacken your name."

AFTER the lines concluding the last scene in any tale, it would be useless to state what every reader can well imagine. Perhaps, four facts may, however, interest those who have followed the incidents which have at last, come to a close.

Podatchky was freed by his master, and died, some thirty years after, as a Russian general.

Through the influence of Count Dolgorouki, the former Moujik of Wolnitski was permitted to accompany the Special Secretary of the French Embassy on his return to France. What became of him then, it would be impossible to say.

Black Basili perished some six years afterward under the knout, for what lawlessness or crime, it is needless to state—he had been guilty of so many.

As for the Prince Dolgorouki, it must be owned—to the day when he quitted this world, he refused to disbelieve his nephew's handiwork in the death of that nephew's brother-in-law. "Sapichy is no ass"—he said to himself, after hearing his denial of all complicity in the matter. "He knows, a locked chest keeps the robbers safely, and a shut mouth runs no risk of Siberia."

THE END.

ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.

THE Brighton of America has been found—and its name is Long Branch.

Formerly unknown, save to a few Jerseymen and still fewer Philadelphians, Long Branch has been of late taken in hand by New York,

and is now undoubtedly the leading watering-place and summer-resort of America—Saratoga only and always excepted.

The hotels at Long Branch are not few; the drives are many; the private cottages are especially numerous, and the President holds his court here during the warm weather.

The beach, too, is unsurpassed, and the bathing is equal to that at Cape May. The scenes presented during the "bathing hour"—which, of course, varies with the tide—are decidedly picturesque and spicy, as can be gathered from a glance at our accompanying engraving.

During the "exercises in the surf," the more timid of the bathers—embracing the great majority—are in the habit of consulting their safety by holding on to ropes fastened to staples in the sand, but extending to a considerable distance within the limits of "old ocean."

This "roping in" of the bathers is perhaps the most characteristic feature of bathing at Long Branch; but the fact cannot be too widely and loudly proclaimed throughout the land that the hotel-keepers of this, the chief sea-resort in America, have not sufficient enterprise or humanity among them to provide for that most indispensable article—a lifeboat. The bather is left to take care of himself or herself, or to trust to the tender mercies of the rope; but if he or she once "get beyond their depth," or "out to sea," as it is called, God help them, for no one else can—or will.

But, with this single and singular exception, Long Branch can be confidently recommended alike on account of its accommodations, its drives, its wild scenery, its varied society, and its facility of access to the metropolis, via the new steamer Plymouth Rock, and other routes.

The present season promises to be the most brilliant yet recorded for Long Branch—due chiefly to the fact that the Long Branch Race-course, designed by John Chamberlain, Esq., and presided over by the Hon. Amos Robbins, of New Jersey, is now completed, and will be open to the public in the latter part of the present month. The initial races commence Saturday, July 30th, and continue for one week, and the entries embrace all the leading race-horses in America. The racecourse itself is one of the finest in the world.

Taken for all in all, Long Branch—whether viewed during the bathing hour, as represented in our engraving, or beheld from a roadside point of view, during the tandem and four-in-hand period on the bluffs, or glanced at by moonlight from its summer-houses—presents an animated scene as can be witnessed on the American continent.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR PIASEK SMYTH, Astronomer-royal for Scotland, has made a long series of observations on the temperature of the earth with underground thermometers, and is thereby led to conclude that some relation exists between this temperature and the amount of sun-spots, and that it takes place in a certain order, deducible from the observations. Following this out to a conclusion, he is of opinion that next winter will be unusually severe throughout the British Islands.

A LONDON journal of recent date says: "The British Museum is to be kept open till eight o'clock in the evening during the months when the days are longest, so that mechanics, clerks, and persons engaged in business may, if they will, examine and study the national collections after they leave work. It is commonly said that thousands will avail themselves of this opportunity, and we trust that such is the case; but, on the first night last month that the doors were thus kept open, not more than seventy-five persons entered during the two additional hours."

ANOTHER dredging expedition has been planned for the present summer. The English Admiralty have agreed to lend the steamer Porcupine once more; and the dredging, which was last year carried on from north of the Faroe Islands to the south of Ireland, will now be extended to the Bay of Biscay, and thence through the Strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean, as far as Malta, if possible. By this extension, specimens of animals that live at the bottom of the sea in southern latitudes will be brought to light; and further knowledge, it is hoped, will be obtained on questions interesting as regards distribution of species.

AN IMPROVED horizontal instrument or quadrant has recently been patented by a gentleman of this city. The quadrant is simple in its construction, and is adapted to use by sea and land. As a house instrument it may be regarded as perfect in its mechanical arrangement for measuring the altitude of terrestrial and also of celestial objects, it having double verniers, ninety degrees apart, giving a correct altitude and zenith distances of a heavenly body. Its introduction in schools and colleges would prove highly serviceable in the departments of mathematics, astronomy, and navigation. Mr. Colby has patented this instrument both in the United States and in England, after devoting fifteen years to its study, and its application to the uses of the mariner and the scholar. It has been tried and very heartily commended by some of our best known seamen.

IT HAS often been propounded by scientists: To what depth does daylight penetrate the sea? If the light does not reach the bottom, how is the color of shells and animals living at even the greatest depths to be accounted for? An English gentleman has invented an apparatus by which the problem will perhaps be solved. A rotating disk, fitted within an iron framework, is connected with an electric coil and with the wires leading from a battery. The disk carries six glass tubes, each containing a small roll of sensitive paper. The apparatus is sunk to any required depth; the electric current is passed: causes the disk to make a slight turn, which brings one of the tubes from the dark chamber; strips off its cover, and exposes it to whatever light may be diffused in the water, and to light concentrated by a lens fixed in the upper part of the iron framework. If, as before remarked, the light does descend to great depths, the sensitive paper will be darkened generally, and the concentrated light will produce a black spot. And if there be any phosphorescent light, the effect of that will be seen on the under side of the paper.

THE Emperor of Austria recently sent to his brother, who was banished from court for marrying a pretty actress, to return and assume his old rank and rank at Vienna. The Archduke refused, saying that he never knew what happiness was until he led a quiet private life, and that he would not return to the gilded ball and chain of court life.

THE literary world will have a great treat in Dr. Mackenzie's life of Charles Dickens, which will be issued in a few days. It will contain a number of anecdotes never before published, and also the last portrait ever taken of the great novelist. Nothing more shows the energy of our American publishers than this fact, that within a month of his decease a complete and authentic memoir is issued, while Sain's memoir is announced for Christmas.

MONSIEUR PILCHON, the new Minister of Public Works in France, is the hero of a rather romantic story. When a young man he was out shooting with a friend, who, either through accident or inadvertence, wounded M. Pilchon so severely in the left hand that amputation was necessary. M. Pilchon, to screen his friend, pretended that he had himself caused the accident, and the secret seems to have been kept—a "hidden hand"—until the friend's death.

THE marriage of Miss Blanchette Butler (daughter of General Butler) to General Ames will take place July 21, at St. Anne's Church (Episcopal), Lowell. The festivities will occupy four days, culminating with the ceremony, and will consist of a grand ball, illuminations by the neighbors, etc., etc. The bridesmaids are to be Miss Hildreth, cousin of Blanchette; Miss Neamith, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Governor John Neamith; Miss Fanny Talbot, daughter of C. P. Talbot, Esq., and Miss Chandler, daughter of Senator Chandler, of Michigan.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

CHANG, the Chinese giant, has gone home. ELIHU BURRITT will soon return to his home in Cincinnati.

CLINTON J. THURSTON, of Kentucky, Consul at St. Thomas, has been recalled.

It is stated that Mr. Carlyle will reside with H. W. Beecher when he visits America.

LABOULAYE is to be made a Senator of France, which means \$10,000 a year for life.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA intends to visit Rome after the Ecumenical Council has adjourned.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE has gone to Lake Pepin, Minn., to spend a part of the summer.

LADY FRANKLIN has returned to Victoria from Sitka, on account of unfavorable weather.

VIRGINIE DEJAER has at length quitted the stage, after a theatrical career of about seventy years.

LEDRU ROLLIN, who, it was thought, had voluntarily resumed the life of an exile, has returned to Paris.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT is expected to re-introduce the Woman's Disabilities Bill in Parliament next session.

EX-EMPEROR FERDINAND, of Austria, is lying very sick at the Headschau, in Prague, and is not expected to recover.

JOSE MANUEL is recognized as the successor of Senor Lemos as the diplomatic representative of the Cuban insurgents in the United States.

THE last words of Hon. David Heaton, Member of Congress from North Carolina, who died recently, were, "God bless the colored people."

THE Pope has appointed a number of new bishops, including three for America, to fill the sees of Springfield, Havre de Grace, and Port au Prince.

MRS. SOPHIA DICKEY, the last surviving child of Major-General John Stark, of Revolutionary fame, has just died in Reading, Mass., aged upward of ninety years.

THE Empress Eugenie is a great lover of pigeons. She has a splendid dove-cot at Fontainebleau, which, she says, is superior to any on the continent.

THE corner-stone of the Harvard Alumni and Memorial Hall is to be laid on the 29th of September. Hon. E. R. Hoar is to deliver an address on the occasion.

QUEEN VICTORIA has expressed to the Duchess of Sutherland, in a private note, the deep interest with which she regards the approaching Protestant Conference in New York.

SENATOR BROWNLOW's son writes to a friend that his father is encouraged to such a degree in regard to his health, that he hopes "no rebel will occupy his seat till after 1875."



NEW YORK CITY.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BEETHOVEN HALL, FIFTH STREET, NEAR THE BOWERY, ON MONDAY, JUNE 27, 1870.

THE COMING MAN.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

The full-page picture published herewith represents a view in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, where a great many of the Celestials have congregated. The street is narrow, and the enterprising occupants have thrown a bridge across it for the purpose of facilitating visits and hanging their garments out to dry. There are numerous doors opening upon the street, where Chinese women, with their hair elaborately and curiously dressed, look out and invite their neighbors and others to pay them visits. Porters abound, with baskets slung upon bamboo rods across their shoulders—the favorite mode of transport in China, and it must be confessed that it is a very convenient one. In these baskets they frequently carry articles for sale, and one can purchase from a peddler a great many things that elsewhere are found only in the markets. Boxes and barrels are piled in the street, and on pleasant days one can see the hairdressers at work arranging the coiffure of Oriental men and women. Little groups are gathered here and there exchanging local news, the Chinese being quite as fond of gossip as their pale-faced neighbors. Personal incidents of a varied character are discussed, and the amount of scandal that passes from lip to lip would frequently throw the most active tea-party in America into the shade. Is there a people anywhere in the world that does not enjoy gossip?

The balconies near the windows are frequently adorned with flowers, and here and there may be seen a solemn-visaged Celestial enjoying his pipe or cigar. The visitor, if tall, must stoop low to avoid hitting his head against the clothes that are stretched on numerous lines, and he runs a risk of being saturated with slops from the windows. Many of the signs on the house-fronts are in Chinese, as they appeal only to the readers of that language; but now and then there is an English announcement of the presence of a washerman or a doctor. The Chinese physicians have been growing rapidly in favor with the Americans, and their opposition is so serious that the regular physicians had a bill introduced in the Legislature for the avowed purpose of driving their tawny rivals out of the field. The bill provided that no physician should be allowed to practice in California without a diploma from a medical college in Europe or America. It did not become a law, and most of those who then favored it are now glad that it did not pass, as it would have been an excellent advertisement for the very men it was designed to suppress.

The Chinese doctors who have become celebrated in practicing in San Francisco are to be found in better localities than the one shown in our picture. They begin in humble quarters, but as soon as the American patronage comes in upon them, they remove from the immediate vicinity of their countrymen. They well understand the American prejudice against narrow, dirty streets, and small rooms, where the nose is not always greeted with odors from Araby the blest. Some of them think our prejudice is absurd, and tersely say that their medicine can cure just as well in a small house as in a large one. One Chinese physician who made a fortune in San Francisco, had a suite of

luxurious rooms where he received his patrons. But he lived in a little apartment not much larger than a Saratoga trunk, and always declared that it was much more comfortable than the most elaborate mansion in California. But he looked forward after death to a spacious tomb in a grove of trees, surrounded by the bones of his ancestors, and carefully remembered by the generations to follow him.

BEETHOVEN HALL.

ON Monday, June 27, in the presence of a large number of invited guests, the Beethoven Maennerchor caused to be laid, on the lot No. 210 Fifth street, near the Bowery, the corner-stone of a structure which the Society proposes erecting for the accommodation of its members, and which will bear the name of the great German musician and composer Beethoven. At three o'clock P. M. the choir, to the number of five hundred, accompanied by the Mayor of New York, Charles Loew, and other notabilities of the city, in carriages, proceeded from Sixth street up Second avenue to Tenth street, through Tenth street to Avenue A down to Houston street, through Houston street up the Bowery to Fifth street, being cheered all the way by large crowds. A platform had been erected, canopied by the German and Ameri-

can flags, and having "au fond" a picture of Beethoven while composing his "Angel's Dream." All around the open space garlands of evergreen were hung, interspersed by pictures of the great German musical maestros—Handel, Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and others, in medallion. Proceedings were formally opened by Joseph Olmsted, Esq., the President of the Society, who briefly stated that "they had assembled to christen a child of their love, one of their most beloved." He then introduced the Mayor to the assemblage, who spoke pleasantly and eloquently of the merits of the great composer, and of the musical society which honorably upheld his name. At the close of the address, the Mayor and a number of gentlemen passed to the place on the site where the stone was to be laid. A history of the Maennerchor, copies of the leading daily and weekly papers, and gold and silver coin and paper money to the value of ninety-six dollars, were deposited in a metal box, and placed in a recess of the stone, which was then ceremoniously put in its place, while the band played Beethoven's song, "Glory to God." At the close of this part of the programme, the Mayor returned to the platform, and remarked: "Fellow-citizens—One more duty remains for me, that is, to announce that the corner-stone of the club has been laid, and that I hope the storms and thunder of heaven

may spare it for ages to come." Magnus Gross then spoke at length on the foundation of the Society some eleven years ago; how they struggled, and from twenty-five members reached the present membership of six hundred and twenty-three; how German harmony honored the nation all over the world, and how for years to come he hoped the building, the corner-stone of which was laid this day, would be an incentive to German brotherly love and union. The spectators loudly applauded, and after listening to Beethoven's last composition, "Glory to God," departed for their homes. The Society, with its guests, subsequently partook of a sumptuous banquet at Terrace Garden.

"ADMIRAL DOT."

DURING his recent trip to California, Mr. P. T. Barnum secured a remarkable dwarf, by whose side Tom Thumb would appear a giant. This diminutive specimen of humanity, now familiarly known as "Admiral Dot," is symmetrically formed, graceful and pleasing in his manners, and has made himself a great favorite of the ladies. His true name is Leopold Kahn. He was born on Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, Cal., his father, a German teamster, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, and his mother one hundred and sixty-five. He was a fair-sized baby when born, but, in a few months, he appeared to cease growing in stature, while his body rapidly assumed the finest proportions. His mental growth has been very promising, and his manners are well polished. He is now twelve years old, and stands—in a pair of patent leather boots, three inches' length—twenty-five inches high. His weight is only fifteen pounds. Mr. Barnum engaged him for Wood's Museum, in this city, where he is now giving a series of attractive entertainments.

THE NEW FREE BATHS.

THANKS to the liberality of the various departments of the Government of New York city, the working-classes in particular, and the citizens in general, have much to be grateful for. The restoration to attractive beauty of our public parks, and the accommodation of public music at so many localities, were measures greatly needed. And now, when the sun pours upon our heads such hot and smarting rays, and when cool water, either for drinking or bathing purposes, becomes a luxury, the city orders two elegant, large bath-houses, one to be placed on the East River, the other on the North, where the public can enjoy the most complete bathing privileges free of charge.

One of the baths was launched last week, and soon after placed in its position at the foot of Fifth street, East River.

The bath resembles a huge box, with a platform about eight feet wide surrounding and overhanging the upper edge. Under this platform are eight pontoons, four on each side, each of which is sixteen feet long and six feet wide, for supporting the weight of the craft in the water. The depth to which the bath is sunk is regulated by means of a patent valve in each pontoon, by means of which a sufficient weight of water may be admitted to the pontoons to sink the bath to such a depth as will best accommodate the bathers. The bath is ninety feet long by sixty feet wide, on the outside, and



"ADMIRAL DOT."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RUEESSEN.



THE COMING MAN.—AN EVENING SCENE IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—THE CHINESE VEGETABLE AND MEAT PEDDLERS ON THEIR ROUNDS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

forty by ninety in the inside. The sides are of solid planking down to the water's edge, and below that they are formed of stout slats to allow free ingress and egress of the water. Over the platform surrounding the edge is to be erected a structure completely inclosing the bath, and containing about eighty dressing-rooms, each five by four and a half feet, opening toward the centre of the bath, and with a door in each connecting with a passage running round the whole. Over the centre of the south side of the bath this structure will be two stories high, forming the entrance to the bath, and affording apartments for the keeper in the second story, twenty-four feet long by twelve wide.

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are set apart for ladies, and Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays for gentlemen.

The second bath will be ready for use in a fortnight, and both will cost about twenty thousand dollars.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

It is now more than forty years since James Smithson, natural son of the first Duke of Northumberland, and nephew of the Duke of Somerset, bequeathed a sum exceeding half a million of dollars in trusteeship to the United States, to be used for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. This sum has been so well cared for that out of its fund a handsome castellated building, in the style of the round arch of the twelfth century, has been erected, in the midst of a charming garden, its campanile tower rising into sight from whatever quarter the city of Washington is approached, and the cost of which was some four hundred thousand dollars; while the sum of the original bequest remains, not alone undiminished, but, on the contrary, increased by more than a hundred thousand dollars.

There was a strong effort made, at the time of the practical opening of the Institution, to have its resources expended upon a great library, which was then, and is still, greatly needed in Washington—the depredations of transient thieves having necessitated the closing of the doors of the Congressional Library to the general public; but, it was contended, with reason, that this would by no means meet the requirements of the conditions upon which the money was bequeathed; and the present arrangement—according to which library, museum, art-gallery, lectures, laboratory, are one and all collected beneath the same roof, from which avenues of research and investigation extend to the remotest regions of the country—must be that which would most nearly satisfy the wishes of the philanthropic founder.

The library consists, for the most part, of volumes concerning the transactions of learned societies, and such of their serial publications as may be of use to those students who are conducting investigations. It contains also many works upon special branches of science, and a very valuable collection of charts. The Institution itself issues three classes of publications—quartos, containing such records of researches and their results as are supposed to be absolute additions to human knowledge; octavos, consisting of reports that sum up whatever is ascertained decisively upon particular subjects at present, together with reports of explorations carried on under its more peculiar auspices, and general aids to the pursuit of science; and a third series of official reports, abstracts of lectures and correspondence, and translations from foreign languages of articles whose topics are kindred to the objects pursued by the Institution. All of these publications are disseminated according to such a liberal plan, that they cannot fail to be of much usefulness through their general accessibility.

Smithson himself was a man of great information, as well as a practical chemist. The little pamphlet concerning the Institution, which is to be found in one of the halls, mentions, that once, catching a tear from the cheek over which it was sliding, he submitted it to an analysis so minute as to trace there all the various salts of which it was composed. He could not then but be satisfied with the assistance rendered to the physical sciences by means of his bequest—not only to chemistry, through the laboratory of the Institution—which has been constantly surrendered to the use of the most distinguished chemists of the day—but to meteorology, in the production of accurate instruments whose construction it has overseen, in extended and intelligent observations of the phenomena of that great unknown which we call the weather, and in such publications as the tables prepared by Professor Guyot, as a work upon the winds of the northern hemisphere, Professor Loomis's monograph on a great storm which pervaded Europe and America, and Olmstead's treatise on the aurora; to astronomy, in its annual list of occultations, in its assistance to the astronomical expeditions to the southern hemisphere by which the parallax of several planets was definitely ascertained, and improvements of great consequence in solar and lunar tables were made, and also in its calculation of an approximate orbit for the planet Neptune upon the first discovery of that planet, by which means the course of that sphere was followed through the whole of its enormous revolution of one hundred and sixty-six years, and an ephemeris of the planet was constructed; to botany, geology, physical geography, and ethnology, through the American exploring expeditions, for the work of which it has furnished competent persons, and which it has tirelessly instructed, superintended, and sometimes even fitted out at its own expense, while it has afterward distributed duplicates of the specimens and collections thus made, among the museums of the country, to the number of a quarter of a million.

It has had but a brief period in which to establish itself and become felt and known, yet,

notwithstanding this fact, at the present day, the Institution claims to be the medium of scientific communication between the Old World and the New; custom-houses, on both sides of the water, respect its stamp on the parcels of its international correspondence and exchange, and there is no privilege of transportation which is not extended to it.

The great usefulness and power of the Smithsonian are things that one who merely sauntered through its museum-rooms, which are all that the passing stranger is very likely to see or hear much about, would scarcely be able to appreciate; for, though the museum is tolerably rich, and so well classified as to be of service as an instructor, it is not, when compared with others, at all remarkable. It contains, nevertheless, the most complete collection of articles appertaining to the natural history and paleontology of North America alone to be found in all the world, together with countless other objects of interest which well reward the stroller, and whose actual sight and examination is of more purpose than the perusal of many books would be.

The Smithsonian Institution holds its head a little higher than the Patent Office, the latter being a self-supporting democratic affair, and the former existing, as has been said, upon the revenues devoted to it by a generous and ambitious Englishman, who, having no name of his own, took this method of revenging himself on fate, and making it secure that one day the proud titles of his ducal ancestors should only be remembered through his having failed to wear them. The Institution may, however, for all its superiority of position, be considered in some sort a poor relation of the Patent Office, since, to speak irreverently, it falls heir to all the other's cast-off clothes—numerous objects formerly exhibited in the Patent Office having, of late years, been removed from its guardianship to that of the Smithsonian. Many reliques of Washington, of Lincoln, and of our heroes, are among these; as well as our treaties with the great kingdoms—the Turkish, with its long scroll of cabalistic characters, like a leaf of Merlin's book, the white silk wrapper from which it was first unrolled, and its huge pendant seal; the Brazilian, in its green velvet book; the French, Austrian, and Spanish, in their blue, crimson, and black covers, and all of them fortified with the tremendous seals of their respective monarchs, large enough, each one, for Peace to have used them to seal up the grim goblins of war as that threadbare old fisherman sealed up the Genius. Among these objects, too, are the medals of all the famous men and deeds of the last century, making a numismatic history of that time; there hang the sabres, with blades sharp enough to sever a floating hair, given to our officers by the Egyptian Pasha; there are the perfect Persian carpets sent to one of our Presidents, with their pile as soft and thick as the turf of a June meadow; there, too, are the gem-embroidered saddles and housings presented by the Imaum of Muscat; there are Indian shawls, gifts of other foreign princes, marvels of the needle, color, fabric, and fancy; there are Japanese lacquers, shining as if their surfaces had been run from fused jewels, and Japanese idols, so ugly that profanity before them becomes a virtue. Here, moreover, is the sarcophagus in which the ashes of a Roman emperor once slept, brought home to be used by a ruler of our own, but declined by him upon grounds of republican principle—although, perhaps, the truer republican would have been to use it, as being a thing of not too much importance, even though it had held the bones of all the emperors since time began. Here is the slab from the tomb of Mithridates; and here are monuments in black basalt, brought home by Mr. Squier, the most accomplished of all our explorers, from Nicaragua, where they were found in hidden island-temples, or midway of the tropical forest depths, and, with their sphinx-like decorations, strangely recalling the carving of the Ninevite stones. In the neighborhood of these same articles is to be found a huge mass of copper from Lake Superior, purchased by the Government at a price of nearly six thousand dollars, for what earthly or unearthly reason remains a mystery to the uninitiated, and finally finding its abode here. It was formerly used as an altar by the Northwestern Indians, and a Jesuit missionary has testified to having witnessed the sacrifice of a young girl take place upon its surface. But little remote from this witness to the blackness of superstition are a couple of enormous aerolites, one of which was used as an anvil in Mexico, where it fell, and the other of which, in the shape of a ring, weighs about fourteen hundred pounds, and resembles the huge quoit which some of the demigods might have pitched, at a giant game among the thunder-clouds—they are, in a way, kindred sights to this evil sacrificial altar; for, though they fell from heaven, they have a certain dark and begrimed horror of appearance, as if they had been forged in—a very different place. In the cabinets of curiosities, in the same room where the most of these articles are exposed, are other mementoes of barbarous tribes, scarcely pleasanter than this altar, such as terrible tomahawks, wonderfully wrought to a cruel sharpness, with flint-headed arrows and spears; but there also are other memorials, not so shadowy, in the shape of calumets, of headdresses of superb feathers, of Sioux earrings, very intricately and almost beautifully carved from a bone resembling mother-of-pearl, and the yet more peaceful sight of a miniature Lapland sledge, and reindeer and hut, prepared by the rude natives in imitation of their own, and presented to the Institution through the Norwegian University of Christiana. In this museum, also, is arranged the typical dress of most of the races of the earth, from the furry suit of the rough Equinoeaux, demanded by his climate, to the gorgeous Hungarian chlamys, whose snow-white fabric has been wrought with silken flosses of every brilliant dye. And in the upper galleries, half hidden away from view, is the fearful undress of some

South American mummies—strange caricatures of humanity, crouching in the position in which they were embalmed, brown with the disgusting decay of ages, the withered flesh clinging to the bones, till you seem to see some discolored skeleton, the poor hair matted with mold upon the skull to which the shrunken skin adheres. They are an awful spectacle, and although their exhibition has its uses, a morbid fancy well might question in what sin of vanity and self-righteousness, in what lust of the eyes and pride of the flesh, had the dwellers in these now hideous tenements of unresolving clay once indulged, that here they should endure the dreadful punishment of such exposure to every jeering and revolting eye. It sickens one to look on them and pity them; but there are enough bleached and whitened bones of other frames in their neighborhood to restore a normal balance of mind to the spectator—unless he be so sensitively organized as to suffer physical qualms at the emphasis they give to the death and decay that is one day to overtake himself.

The objects of natural history which present themselves in a more agreeable form are, however, the most interesting things in the museum. Prepared with an almost complete mimicry of life, the various families of the beasts look out upon you there as if they were just about to leap; the perfect little cat keeps company with the splendid Bengal tiger; the horrible gorilla travesties all that is beastly in man, and, with the orang-outang and the monkey, shows us the links of the original thought and the hand "that practiceth better." We see the sponge leading to the coral, the coral to the sea-anemone, the anemone to the sunfish, and that to all the dwellers of the deep; and all these specimens are arranged with such an admirable method, that one can compare there, as it were, the first sketch of an idea in the creative mind with its subsequent complete development. As we pass presently from the fish, we come to all the airy tribes of heaven, and see the boobies and gannets and penguins, half in doubt whether they have wings or fins, whether they be fish or flesh; then comes the cormorant, the albatross, the mighty frigate-bird, whose strength of wing lets him, as some one says, breakfast in Senegal and dine in America; the gull, the petrel—until we reach, at last, the swallow, most perfect of all the things of flight—and we have passed over, in one quick review, the eagles, to look at whose superbness makes one proud of the national emblem; the scavenger-buzzards, whose mere ruff seem fringed out of carion; the owl, the little ones who love the mice of an ivied church-tower; and the Arctic owl, whose ruff of feathers looks like the incarnation of a great white snowstorm, out of which its fiery, yellow eyes gleam, or ought to gleam, like mock-suns themselves; the argus-pheasant, with his thousand eyes upon his tail, and his orphean cousin bearing erect a lyre the size of ten of himself; the scarlet flamingo, the rose-winged spoonbill, the great golden macaws, who choose but one mate for life; the parrot-queens, more splendid in color than words can paint them; love-birds and cockatoos and lorises; the ostrich, whose joints and sinews—to be seen naked in another spot—are a lesson in magnificent mechanism; the humming-bird, with a mail, each scale of which is made of nothing but jewels, and with its nest, a miracle of dainty workmanship and elegance, hardly the size of a thimble, but lined with exquisite care, so that it shall hold safely enough the tiny eggs, no larger than pearls, and presenting an odd contrast with the hawk's nest underneath—a heap of sticks laid together at all angles, and three or four large eggs dropped at random on the jagged pile, an unspeakably cold and dreary thing, as forlorn as all out-doors, and telling how harsh even a mother's instinct may be in the fierce breast of the hawk.

A person would, in fact, have need of being a great idiot if, after a stroll through the museum of the Smithsonian Institution, he should go out quite as thoughtless as he went in. And it is easy to see the positive benefit of such a place in storing empty minds with knowledge, whether they will or not, since the knowledge is of a kind that enters by the eyes, and penetrates the pores of the memory without an effort on the part of the recipient. And it must be just as evident to every one, that, with all these mines and countermines underneath the great ramparts of ignorance, of which this museum is but one little lane, and with the affairs of the Institution conducted so wisely and liberally as they have been by Professor Henry and his coadjutors, it cannot be many years before not only the American continent, but the whole world, will have reason to repeat with gratitude the name of that benefactor of mankind, James Smithson.

A VALUABLE WOODCUT.—There is said to be a paper in Philadelphia which has one woodcut, which is used for every face. It was engraved originally (says a Boston paper) to represent Arthur Spring, but the proprietor liked it so much that he determined to keep it on hand, and run it into the paper whenever anybody else was hung, or died, or was elected, or made a speech. And so every time a portrait was wanted, this woodcut was altered to fit it. First, the hat was cut down, then the nose was chiseled into various shapes; then the eyes were gouged a little; then the head was altered, and the cheeks hollowed out. It never, at its best, looked like any human being that had ever existed in this wide world; but that made no difference, for the proprietor always jammed it right in every time, with a fresh name and a biographical sketch. This has served already for James Buchanan, Jeff Davis, Proctor, General Grant, Susan B. Anthony, Mayor Fox, Senator Revels, Artemus Ward, Daniel in the Lions' Den, Winnemore, Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, Ristori, Asa Packer, Governor Curtin, and a score or two of others. It is somewhat rusty now, the old woodcut is, but the owner clings to it with unalterable affection, and the first time anybody does anything alarming, it will go in again with a new sketch. This won't make so much difference now, because the block is very much worn, and when the picture is printed, you can't tell, to save your life, whether it was intended for a man's face or for a study of a morsom in the Desert of Sahara.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE DRESS CIRCLE—CRINOLINE.

HOUSE-DECORATORS—WOMEN.

SHARPSHOOTERS—ACHING TEETH.

A SPIRIT-LAMP—WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

PREVALENT JOURNALISTIC COMPLAINT—RUMORISM.

A TRANSACTION (TRANCE ACTION)—WALKING IN SLEEP.

(H)EAT OF THE WEATHER—STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.

WHAT OUGHT ONE TO DRINK OUT OF IN CHURCH? PEW-TER.

THE BEST SCENT FOR A TORN HANDKERCHIEF—PATCH-OU.

AN UPHOLSTERER MUST NECESSARILY BE A CHAIR-OR-TABLE MAN.

WHY IS AN ANGOLA CAT LIKE A ROW? BECAUSE IT'S A RUM-PUS.

A THOUGHT OVER A SALMON CUTLET—SPRING BRINGS THE CUCKOO—BETTER STILL, THE CUCKOO-MBER.

WHY IS A MAN GOING TO SLEEP LIKE A CHRYSALIS? BECAUSE HE SOON WILL HAVE—A—MET—A—MORPHUS.

IN OLDEEN TIMES, WHEN THEY HANGED WITCHES, IT WAS CONSIDERED, IN A DOUBLE SENSE, NECK-ROMANCE.

A PARADOXICAL FACT—ONE OF THE MOST TENDER AND PATHETIC WRITERS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE WAS SISTER.

A SENSATIONAL JOURNAL ASSERTS THAT SOME SAD NEWS RECEIVED RECENTLY "DROPPED LIKE A GREAT STONE INTO THE WELL OF A WORLD'S HEART, AND SPLASHED THE WATER INTO ITS EYES."

THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER" AS PERFORMED BY PAREPA, THE BIG CHORUS AND CANNON AT THE BEETHOVEN JUBILEE, WAS AMENDED AS FOLLOWS:

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER
O LONG MAY IT SMASH WAVE,
O'ER THE LAND OF THE BANG FREE,
AND THE HOME OF THE RIP BRAVE."

AN IOWA PAPER HAVING INSERTED AN ITEM RELATING THAT A WOMAN OF THAT STATE HAD HELPED HER HUSBAND TO RAISE SEVENTY ACRES OF WHEAT, AND NOTICING THE ITEM COPIED BY ITS EXCHANGES UNDER AN EVIDENT MISAPPREHENSION OF FACTS, NOW EXPLAINS THAT THE WAY SHE HELPED WAS TO STAND IN THE DOOR AND SHAKE A BROOM AT HIM WHEN HE SAT DOWN TO REST, AND TERRIFYING HIM IN OTHER WAYS.

A MERCHANT IN MONTGOMERY RECENTLY HIRED A NEW CLERK, AND OF COURSE INITIATED HIM AT ONCE INTO THE MYSTERY OF THE "TRADE-MARK." Shortly afterward the knight of the yard-stick was showing some goods to a lady customer, when she demurred at the prices. The feelings of the merchant may be imagined when the young man called out at the top of his voice: "WHAT SHALL I SELL THIS FOR? IT IS MARKED FOUR DOLLARS AND A HALF, AND COST FIFTY CENTS."

SONG OF THE JOURNALIST.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Paragraphs, Items, and News,
Essays, Tales, and reviews,
With the blackest kind of blues.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Marriage, Debt, and Dun;
Eulogy, Gossip, and Pun;
Accident, Panic, and Fun.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Battle, Riot, and Raid;
Music, and Cais, and Trade—
Who is, and who isn't afraid?

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Apology, Challenge, and Slur;
Of It, of Him, and of Her;
Invention, Humbug, and Truth,
Folly, Fashion, and Youth.

Suicide, Sermon, and Joke,
Metaphysics and Smoke,
With upward and downward stroke,
Ruin, and Vice, and Shame,
Virtue, and Honor, and Fauve.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Oh, slave of the mighty Press!
The "Devil" demands a "Mess."
For subscribers that never pay,
Oh, isn't it jolly!—say?

DR. SHERMAN

HAS

RETURNED from his professional visit West, and may be consulted by those who called at his office during his absence and deferred treatment until his return.

Those who are afflicted with

RUPTURE

will find DR. SHERMAN'S curatives a guarantee cure, without the sufferings and injury attending the use of trusses designed to create adhesive inflammation.

OFFICE, 607 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Pamphlets of photographic likenesses, before and after cure, with other information, mailed on receipt of 10 cents.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

This popular Cosmetic has long maintained (31 years) a high and prominent place in public estimation, and in fashionable ladies' boudoirs, not alone for its extraordinary beautifying effects on the skin and complexion, removing Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, etc., but also the innocence and purity of its ingredients.

DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM has not been heralded by inflated advertisements, nor is it the creature of paid-for puff; it stands on its merits alone, and with intelligent purchasers it is sought after in preference to the host of cheap and vile preparations flooding the market.

It is a well-established fact that the cupidity of many druggists prompts them to recommend an article to ladies, not from its intrinsic good qualities, but from the larger profits to be made on its sale. Dr. G. concedes that his margins are not as large as many merchants allow, nor does he intend they shall be. A truly valuable cosmetic, such as the Oriental Cream, will be prized, and the ladies will have it, even if obliged to order it direct from Dr. G., at his only depot in New York, 48 Bond street.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN.

Use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless Remedy known to Science for removing brown discolorations from the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

In 1858 I bought a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, which is still in good order, and does as good work as ever, without a cent's worth of repairs. It has averaged two hundred and fifty dollars a year, besides family sewing. With one needle I hemmed over three thousand yards of elastic running. Tucking and hemming are my favorite pastime. I never sat at the machine alone without hymning, "God bless Wheeler & Wilson," and it is still my prayer.

MARY A. STEWART.

Upper Alton, Ill.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

*** "My Grover & Baker Machine was purchased about nine years ago. For nearly seven years it was employed almost constantly in heavy work; ladies' cloaks, men's and boys' clothing, and the like, yet, when the occasion required, would perform the finest work with entire satisfaction. For two years it has been doing family sewing of every variety, and it works equally as well as it did when first purchased." —Mrs. J. M. Washburn, West Stafford, Conn.

The Prettiest Woman in New York. Miss K., well known in our fashionable society for her *distinguishing* appearance and beautiful complexion, was once a sallow, rough-skinned girl, chagrined at her red, freckled face. She pitched into Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and is now as pretty in complexion as she is charming in manners. This article overcomes freckles, tan, sallowness, moth-patches, ring-marks, etc., and makes one look ten years younger than they are. Magnolia Balm for a transparent complexion, and Lyon's Kathairon to make the hair plentiful, luxuriant, soft, and delicate, have no rivals. The Kathairon prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the best and cheapest dressing in the world.

Summer Dress Goods, &c., at Greatly Reduced Prices.

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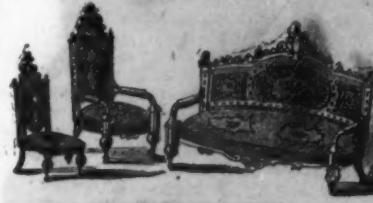
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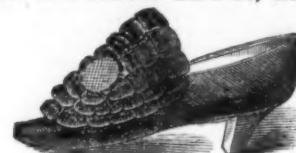
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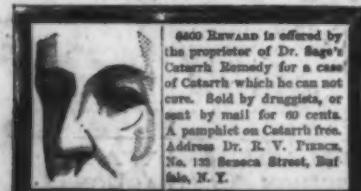
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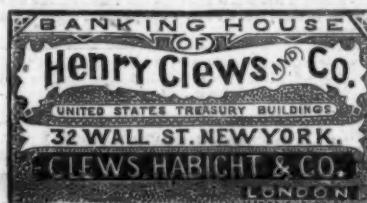
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